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and under the
 of C. Cooke
 Sep. 14 1797.

W. H. H. sculp.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
LORD LYTTLETON.

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

Thy heart, O LYTTLETON! shall be my guide,
Its fire shall warm me, and its worth improve;
Thy heart, above all envy and all pride,
Firm as man's sense, and soft as woman's love.

Hammond.

These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart, inform'd by Reason's purer ray,
O LYTTLETON, the friend!-----
Oft, conducted by historic truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time,
Planning with warm benevolence of mind
And honest zeal unwarp'd by party rage
Britannia's weal, how from the venal gulph
To raise her virtue and her arts revive;
Or turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
The Muses charm, while with sure taste refin'd
You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song
Till nobly rises emulous thy own.

Thomson's Summer.

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OF

1807-1814

WITH

A HISTORY OF THE

CONQUEST

OF PORTUGAL

BY
JAMES CLAPHAM, ESQ.
OF THE BARR

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LORD LYTTLETON.

Engraved for C. Cooke Sep. 9. 1797.

LIFE OF LYTTLETON.

GEORGE LYTTLETON, afterwards Lord Lyttleton, the eldest son of Sir Thomas Lyttleton, Bart. of Hagley, in Worcestershire, was born in 1709. His mother, Christian Temple, was sister of Sir Richard Temple, Bart. of Stowe, in Buckinghamshire, afterwards Lord Viscount Cobham. He had six brothers and as many sisters.

He was initiated in classical learning at Eton school, where he attained to so great a degree of eminence, that his exercises were recommended by the masters as models to the scholars in the same class. He acquired much reputation also from his poetical compositions, which were highly esteemed for their correctness and elegance. His *Soliloquy on a Beauty in the Country* and his verses on *Good Humour* were written at school.

From Eton he went to Christ-Church, Oxford, where he retained the reputation for superior talents he had acquired at Eton, and displayed his abilities to the public in a poem on *Blenheim*, written in 1727.

He did not stay long at Oxford; for in 1728 he began his travels, and visited France and Italy, but resided some time at Luneville, in Lorraine, as appears by his letters to his father, in which he describes the places he visited, and relates some of the principal incidents of his journey. In one of his letters he expresses his dissatisfaction at the thought of returning to Luneville, to the following import: "Luneville was my school of breeding, and I was there more unavoidably subject to the influence of bad example, as the *politesse* practised in that place is fuller of ceremony than elsewhere, and in many instances peculiar to itself. This is the first and strongest reason why I despair of being happy in Lorraine. I am not only averse to, but have often expressed my contempt for, the topperies and ridiculous customs which are so prevalent in this seat of luxury and dissipation." It is impossible to peruse his letters to his father without being charmed with the manly and virtuous sentiments which he discovers; his strong aversion to vice and folly, and particularly with the unaffected ardour of filial affection which runs through the whole.

At Paris he employed much of his time in the cultivation of his poetical talents, and wrote a very manly and correct epistle to Dr. Ayscough, a divine of great learning and probity, who had been his tutor at Oxford, afterwards became his relation, and was appointed tutor to the young princes, and promoted to the deanery of Bristol. During his absence he wrote a poetical epistle to Pope, from Rome, and when he came back to England, in 1730, he addressed an epistle to Lord Hervey, from Hagley, in Worcestershire. Soon after his return he obtained a seat in parliament, for Oakhampton, in Devonshire, and soon

distinguished himself amongst the most strenuous opposers of Sir Robert Walpole, though his father enjoyed a lucrative employment under government, and was of course pledged to vote with the court. He soon became popular for his parliamentary abilities, insomuch that for several years the name of George Lyttleton was seen in every account of every debate in the House of Commons. He opposed the standing army; he opposed the excise; he supported the motion for petitioning the king to remove Walpole; and was, upon all occasions, an able coadjutor with Pulteney, Pitt, &c. in every measure of opposition. In fact, his zeal was considered by the courtiers, not only as violent, but as acrimonious and malignant; and when Walpole, as Dr. Johnson expresses it, was at last hunted from his places, every effort was made by his friends, and many friends he had, to exclude Lyttleton from the secret committee.

The violence of his opposition to the administration of Walpole has subjected him to the imputation of ingratitude; for it appears from a letter to his father, dated at Luneville, that Walpole's recommendation procured him the friendship of Prince Craon. His words are these: "You will let Sir Robert Walpole know how much I am obliged to his letter, and do justice to Prince Craon, who has expressed his regard to it in the strongest manner, and by a kindness which I cannot duly acknowledge.

In 1735 he published his *Persian Letters*, in imitation of those of Montesquieu, whom he had known in England. The character of a young man, Dr. Johnson says, is very visible in them. They have something of that indistinct and headstrong ardour for liberty which a man of genius always catches when he enters the world, and always suffers to cool as he passes forward. In the following year he addressed an elegant copy of verses to his cousin Pitt, on his losing his commission in the army for his conduct in parliament.

In 1737 the Prince of Wales, having incurred the displeasure of his father, quitted St. James's Palace, established a separate court, and received with open arms the opponents of the minister. Upon the resignation of Mr. Pelham, Mr. Lyttleton was made secretary to the Prince, with the addition of 240l. annually to his salary, as appears by his letter to his father, dated from Clifden, in which he says, "I came here yesterday to thank his Royal Highness for having augmented my salary 240l. a year, by putting it upon the same footing with that of Mr. Molyneux under the King, when he was Prince.

As he had the confidence of the Prince, he pointed out to him the expediency of patronizing men of literature, in order to advance his character and acquire popularity; in consequence of which Mallet, at his recommendation, was appointed under-secretary, with a pension of 200l. and Thomson had a pension of 100l. a year. For Thomson he always retained the warmest

friendship, and at length procured him the place of surveyor general of the Leeward Islands. Moore, a contemporary writer, endeavoured to obtain his favour by an apologetical poem, entitled *the Trial of Selim the Persian*, but this bard did not succeed in his attempt.

He now became so powerful a speaker in the House of Commons, that he was considered as one of the pillars of the opposition, and Pope, who was continually pointing his satire against the ministry, took an opportunity of passing an eulogium upon Lyttleton, amongst other eminent patriots of that day. This drew upon him the reproaches of the members of administration, and particularly of Mr. Henry Fox, who, in the House, censured with the utmost severity his intimacy with a lampooner so unjust and licentious as Pope. Lyttleton, with manly spirit, retorted, that he deemed it the highest honour to be admitted into the familiarity of so great a genius and so accomplished a poet.

Having thus rendered himself conspicuous in the great world, he entered into the married state, with Lucy, daughter of Hugh Fortescue, Esq. of Filleigh, in Devonshire, with whom he appears to have lived in the highest degree of connubial felicity.

At length, after a long struggle, Walpole gave way, and honours and profit were of course distributed amongst his opponents. Lyttleton, in 1744, was made one of the Lords of the Treasury, and, as is the common case, from that time as warmly supported, as he had formerly opposed, the schemes of the ministry.

Politics, however, did not wholly engross his attention.—When weary with faction, he used very often to visit his cousin West, at Wickham, who was a zealous advocate for the cause of Christianity. Dr. Johnson says, that Lyttleton had, in the pride of juvenile confidence, with the help of corrupt conversation, entertained doubts concerning divine revelation; but he thought the time was come when it was no longer fit to doubt or believe by chance, and applied himself seriously to the great question. Through his conversation with Mr. West, aided by close application to study, his investigation ended in conviction. He found that religion was true; and what he had learned, he endeavoured to teach, for in 1747 he produced his *Dissertation on the Conversion of St. Paul*, a treatise to which infidelity has never been able to fabricate a specious answer. This book his father had the happiness of seeing, and expressed his satisfaction in the following letter.

“ I have read your religious treatise with infinite pleasure and satisfaction. The style is fine and clear, the arguments close, cogent, and irresistible. May the King of kings, whose glorious cause you have so well defended, reward your pious labours, and grant that I may be found worthy, through the merits of Jesus Christ, to be an eye-witness of that happiness which I do

not doubt he will bountifully bestow upon you. In the mean time, I shall never cease glorifying God for having endowed you with such useful talents, and giving me so good a son." The pleasure which such a letter must have given to such a son is inexpressible.

In the beginning of this year (1747) his wife died in child-bed. Her sickness is feelingly described in his forty first letter to his father, and he perpetuated her memory in a Monody that will be read while conjugal affection and a taste for poetry exist in this country. She was buried at Over-Arley, in Staffordshire, but a very elegant monument is erected to her memory in the chancel of the church at Hagley. He did not, however, condemn himself to perpetual solitude and sorrow; for, after a while, he sought happiness again by a second marriage, with the daughter of Field Marshal Sir Robert Rich. "She was an intimate and dear friend," says Mr. West, in a letter to Dr. Doddridge, June 1749, "of his former wife, which is some kind of proof of her merit: I mean the goodness of her heart, for that is the chief merit which Mr. Lyttleton esteems, and I hope she will not in this disappoint his expectations. In all other points she is well suited to him, being extremely well accomplished in languages, music, and painting; and very sensible and well bred." It is said the experiment was unsuccessful.

In 1751 his father died, when he inherited a Baronet's title, with a considerable estate, which, though perhaps he did not augment, he was careful to adorn with expensive buildings and rural decorations. Hagley Park, the scene of these lavish operations, is frequently described as a terrestrial paradise.

Shenstone was Lyttleton's neighbour, friend, and rival, in landscape-gardening, and it is said that his improvements at the Leasowes, excited at first the contempt and afterwards the envy of the inhabitants of Hagley, who, Dr. Johnson says, took care to defeat the curiosity which they could not suppress, by conducting their visitants perversely, to inconvenient points of view, and introducing them at the wrong end of a walk to detect a deception; injuries of which Shenstone would heavily complain.

This charge against the Lyttleton family has been denied by Mr. Greaves, who says that "the Lyttleton family went so frequently with their company to the Leasowes, that they were unwilling to break in upon Shenstone's retirement on every occasion; and therefore often went to the principal points in view without waiting for any one to conduct them regularly through the whole walks. Of this Shenstone would sometimes peevishly complain, though I am persuaded he never really suspected any ill-natured intentions in his worthy and much valued neighbours." One cannot be persuaded that a mind so pure and benevolent as that of Lyttleton was ever debased by such unworthy passions.

As he continued the exertions of his great abilities in Parliament in the service of the ministry, he was gradually advancing his claim to preferment. Accordingly, in 1754, he resigned his seat at the Treasury Board, being appointed Cofferer to the Household, and Privy Counsellor. In December 20, 1755, he exchanged the place of Cofferer of the Household for the great office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, an office, however, that seems to have required some qualifications which he soon perceived himself to want, and which he retained only till the appointment of Mr. Legge, in November 1756.

The year after, his curiosity led him into Wales, of which, according to Dr. Johnson, he has given an account, perhaps rather with too much affectation of delight, in two letters to Archibald Bower, a man of whom he had conceived a more favourable opinion than he seems to have deserved; and whom, having once espoused his interest and fame, he was never persuaded to disown. In an affectionate letter to Dr. Doddridge, on his removing to Lisbon for the recovery of his health, he thus expresses his attachment to Bower. "You have brought on your distemper by too continual study and labour in your spiritual function, and remission of mind is absolutely necessary for your recovery: I therefore request it of you not to write the preface to Bower's book, it will do more harm than good to him. The merit of the work will bear it up against all these attacks; and as to the ridiculous story of my having discarded him, the intimate friendship in which we continue to live will be a sufficient answer to that, and better than testimony formally given." Bower, whatever was his moral character, did not want abilities; attacked as he was by an universal outcry, for having written the history of the Popes, and in it vindicated the doctrines of the Papacy, he maintained his ground, and repelled the attacks of his adversaries. It appeared, however, from an attestation of Mrs. Bower, that, "during seventeen years that she had constantly lived with him, he always professed himself a Protestant, acted conformably to that profession, and that he died in the communion of the Church of England, and made an edifying departure."

When the inauspicious commencement of the war with France, in 1757, rendered the dissolution of the ministry inevitable, Sir George Lyttleton losing his employment with the rest of his colleagues, his services were recompensed with a peerage, being created Baron Lyttleton, of Frankley, in the county of Worcester: so that, as Dr. Johnson expresses it, "he rested from political turbulence in the House of Lords."

In the course of this year he published his *Dialogues of the Dead*, which were very eagerly read, though they seem to be the production rather of leisure than of study; rather effusions than compositions. The names of his persons, too, often en-

able the reader to anticipate their conversation, and when they have met, they too often part without a conclusion. He has copied *Fenelon* more than *Fontenelle*. When they were first published, they were kindly commended by the *Critical Reviewers*, for which, Johnson says, poor Lyttleton, with humble gratitude, returned his acknowledgments in a note which he had read—acknowledgments either for flattery or justice.

His last literary production was his *History of Henry the Second*, in three volumes, quarto; the result of the researches and deliberations of twenty years. The account of this publication, as given by Dr. Johnson, is remarkable. “The whole work was printed twice over, a great part of it three times, and many sheets four or five times. The booksellers paid for the first impression, but the charges and repeated operations of the press were at the expence of the author, whose ambitious accuracy is known to have cost him at least a thousand pounds. He began to print in 1755; three volumes appeared in 1764; a second edition in 1767, and the conclusion in 1771. Andrew Reid, a man not without considerable abilities, and not unacquainted with letters, or with life, undertook to persuade Lyttleton, as he had persuaded himself, that he was master of the secret of punctuation; and, as fear begets credulity, he was employed, I know not at what price, to point the pages of *Henry the Second*. The book was at last pointed and printed, and sent into the world; Lyttleton took money for his copy, of which, when he had paid the *printer*, he probably gave the rest away, for he was very liberal to the indigent. When time brought the history to a third edition, Reid was either dead or discarded, and the superintendence of typography and punctuation was committed to a man originally a comb-maker, but then known by the style of Dr. Saunders. Something uncommon was probably expected, and something uncommon was at last done; for to the edition of Dr. Saunders is appended, what the world had hardly seen before, a list of errors of nineteen pages.”

It is much to be wished, that in this passage Dr. Johnson had observed his own humane maxim in the “*Life of Addison*, of not giving a pang to a daughter, a brother, or a friend.” The nice attention to punctuation with which *Henry the Second* was published, is attributed to such anxiety as only vanity can dictate, when good motives were avowed by the author, and known by his friends, such as his desire to correct mistakes, his fear of being too harsh on some characters, and other laudable motives.

This Work is justly ranked among the most valuable historical performances in the English language. It is executed with great fidelity, and with a strict regard to the authority of original writers. The style is perspicuous and unaffected; generally correct, and often elegant and masterly. The senti-

ments and remarks are judicious and pertinent, liberal with respect to religion, and friendly to the cause of liberty and the rights of mankind. The account of the state of our ancient government, laws, customs and manners, is very copious and eminently useful, so as to make the work strictly and properly a constitutional history.

His *Verses to the Countess of Egremont*, and *Letter to Lord Hardwicke*, in 1761, were poetical productions. He spent the latter part of his life in retirement. Our author, according to Dr. Johnson, had never the appearance of a strong or a healthy man; and had a slender, uncompact frame, and a meagre face. It is certain, however, that at one period of his life, he entertained a more favourable opinion of his constitution; for, in a letter to his father, dated from the neighbourhood of Soissons in France, he says, "I believe there is not a young man alive, who has more happiness to boast of than myself, being blessed with a sound constitution, affectionate friends, and easy fortune."

We subjoin the very affecting and instructive narrative of his death, given by his physician, as the most striking display of his moral character.

"On Sunday evening, the symptoms of his Lordship's disorder, which, for a week past, had alarmed us, put on a fatal appearance, and his Lordship believed himself to be a dying man. From this time he suffered by restlessness rather than pain; and although his nerves were apparently much fluttered, his mental faculties now seemed stronger, when he was thoroughly awake.

"His Lordship's bilious and hepatic complaints seemed alone not equal to the expected mournful event; his long want of sleep, whether the consequence of the irritation in the bowels, or, which is more probable, of causes of different kinds accounts, for his loss of strength, and for his death, very sufficiently.

"Though his Lordship wished his approaching dissolution not to be lingering, he waited for it with resignation. He said, "It is a folly, a keeping me in misery, now to attempt to prolong life;" yet he was easily persuaded for the satisfaction of others, to do or take any thing thought proper for him. On Saturday he had been remarkably better, and we were notwithstanding some hopes of his recovery.

"On Sunday, about eleven in the forenoon, his Lordship sent for me, and said, he felt a great hurry, and wished to have a little conversation with me, in order to divert it. He then proceeded to open the fountain of that heart, from whence goodness had so long flowed, as from a copious spring.---'Doctor,' said he, 'you shall be my confessor. When I first set out in the world, I had friends who endeavoured to shake my belief in the Christian religion. I have made it the rule of my life, and it is the ground of my future hopes. I have erred and

sinned, but have repented, and never indulged any vicious habit. In politics and public life I have made public good the rule of my conduct. I never gave counsels which I did not at the time think the best. I have seen that I was sometimes in the wrong, but I did not err designedly. I have endeavoured in private life to do all the good in my power, and never for a moment could indulge malicious or unjust designs upon any person whatsoever.

“At another time he said, ‘I must leave my soul in the same state it was in before this illness. I find this a very inconvenient time for solicitude about any thing.’

“On the evening when the symptoms of death came on, he said, ‘I shall die; but it will not be your fault.’ When Lord and Lady Valentia came to see his Lordship, he gave them his solemn benediction, and said, ‘Be good, be virtuous, my Lord, you must come to this.’ Thus he continued giving his dying benediction to all around him. On Monday morning a lucid interval gave some small hopes, but these vanished in the evening, and he continued dying, but with very little uneasiness, till Tuesday morning, August 22d. when, between seven and eight o’clock, he expired almost without a groan.”

His Lordship was buried at Hagley, and the following inscription is cut on the side of his Lady’s monument:

This unadorned stone was placed here
By the particular desire and express
Directions of the Right Honourable
GEORGE LORD LYTTLETON,

Who died August 22d. 1773, aged 64.

By his first Lady, he had one son, Thomas, who inherited his title and estates, and two daughters, Mary, who died an infant, and Lucy, married to Lord Valentia, of the kingdom of Ireland. He had no children by his second lady. Thomas Lord Lyttleton married Appiah, second daughter of Broome Wills, Esq. of Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire, the widow of Colonel Peach, and died in 1780, leaving no issue. In early life he exhibited proofs of the most splendid talents, and rendered himself singular for the prostitution of them to the most ignoble purposes. His abilities as a parliamentary orator recommended him to the ministry, and procured him an appointment to the sinecure of chief justice in Eyre, a place which his father with superior pretensions could never obtain.

A small collection of Poems, by a young Nobleman lately deceased, quarto, has been attributed to him, and two volumes of Letters are supposed to have come from his pen, which in the reading have afforded much entertainment. They are generally accounted spurious, but in their composition, sentiment, and diction, they bear evident traits of his genius and turn of mind. An original novel, in twelves, 1775, entitled *The Correspondents*, which exhibits a series of letters supposed by

some to have been written by his father, to Mrs. Peach, is likewise conjectured by others to have been his production. Though a similarity of style prevails throughout the whole series of these letters, they are such traits of originality and allusions to time, place, and circumstance, as bear the strongest marks of their not being founded on fiction.

The works of George Lord Lyttleton, formerly printed separately with some other pieces, never before printed, were collected and published by his nephew Edward Ayscough, Esq. in one volume, quarto, 1774. The pieces formerly printed and collected into this publication, are, "Observations on the Life of Cicero."---"Observations on the present State of Affairs, in a letter to a Member of Parliament."---"Letters from a Persian in England to his friend at Ispahan."---"Observations on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul."---"Dialogues of the Dead."---"Miscellaneous Poems."

The pieces which were never before printed, are, "Observations on the Roman History."---"Four Dialogues of the Dead."---"Four Speeches in Parliament."---"Letters to Sir Thomas Lyttleton," and "An Account of a Journey into Wales, in two Letters to Mr. Bower."

The character of George Lord Lyttleton, was held in universal estimation during his life, as his memory has been revered since his death. One of his biographers very justly remarks, that the reputation of his Lordship, as a judicious critic, an entertaining traveller, a wise and upright statesman, and a good man, is so decisively fixed, and so firmly established, that it can receive little additional lustre from panegyric, and is in no danger of suffering from the attacks of criticisms or censure.

As a poet Dr. Johnson speaks of him in the following manner.

"Lord Lyttleton's poems are the works of a man of literature and judgment, devoting part of his time to versification. They have nothing to be despised, and little to be admired. Of his *Progress of Love*, it is sufficient blame to say that it is pastoral. His blank verse in *Blenheim* has neither much force nor much elegance. His little performances, whether songs or epigrams, are sometimes sprightly, and sometimes insipid. His epistolary pieces have a smooth equability, which cannot tire, because they are short, but which seldom elevates or surprises. But from this censure ought to be excepted his *Advice to Belinda*, which, though for the most part written when he was very young, contains much truth and much prudence, very elegantly and vigorously expressed, and shews a mind attentive to life, and a power of poetry which cultivation might have raised to excellence.

Candour must acknowledge that our author's poetical character, as given by Dr. Johnson, is sparing and invidious, and cannot be generally allowed without some exceptions in favour of the *Progress of Love* and *Blenheim*. But the severity of

this rigid, though generally judicious critic, is not to be wondered at, when we bring to reflection the inveterate prejudices he so frequently expresses against pastoral poetry and blank verse.

His Lordship's literary merit is generally acknowledged by his contemporaries, whose testimonies are too numerous to be specified, suffice it to observe that he is highly extolled by Pope, Thomson, Hammond, and Shenstone. The following couplet of Pope produced from Dr. Warton a profound scholar, and liberal critic, some very candid and judicious remarks which, in justice to our author, we deem it incumbent on us to insert:

“Free as young Lyttleton her cause pursue,
“Still true to virtue, and as warm as true.”

“A just and not overcharged encomium,” says Dr. Warton, “on an excellent man, who always served his friends with warmth, (witness his kindness to Thomson) and his country with activity and zeal. His *Poems and Dialogues of the Dead* are written with elegance and ease. His *Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul*, with clearness and closeness of reasoning, and his *History of Henry the Second*, with accuracy and knowledge of those early times, and of the English constitution; and what was compiled from a laborious search into authentic documents, and the records lodged in the Tower, and at the Rolls. A little before he died, he told me that he had determined to throw out of the collection of all his works, which was then soon to be published, his first juvenile performance, the *Persian Letters*, in which, he said, there were principles and remarks that he wished to retract and alter. Another little piece, written also in his early youth, does him much honour. The *Observations on the Life of Tully*, in which, perhaps, a more dispassionate and impartial character of Tully is exhibited, than in the panegyrical volume of Middleton.

“His Monody, the most popular of his productions, in which he commemorates the virtues and accomplishments of his excellent lady, cannot be read without exciting the tenderest emotion in every one that has the least claim to sensibility. The numbers succeed in harmonious flow, which bespeaks the most exquisite feelings of a most susceptible mind. The sentiment of his *Progress of Love* is delicate, the imagery pleasing, and the versification correct and harmonious. It must be admitted however, that there are in it some of those studied expressions and false ornaments by which pastoral poetry is too often fantastically disguised. His *Advice to Belinda* is stamped with the approbation of Dr. Johnson, and possesses a degree of propriety, sense, and harmony. His epistle to Pope is an encomium highly elegant and refined. His songs are in general easy and sprightly. In fine, his poetical compositions are characterized by elegance, ease, and harmony, without any extraordinary degree of elevation, energy, or glow of colouring.”

MISCELLANIES.

SOLILOQUY

OF A BEAUTY IN THE COUNTRY.

Written at Eton School.

TWAS night, and Flavia to her room retir'd,
With ev'ning chat and sober reading tir'd,
There melancholy, pensive, and alone,
She meditates on the forsaken town;
On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head 5
She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said:
“ Ah! what avails it to be young and fair,
“ To move with negligence, to dress with care?
“ What worth have all the charms our pride can boast
“ If all in envious solitude are lost? 10
“ Where none admire 'tis useless to excel;
“ Where none are beaux 'tis vain to be a belle;
“ Beauty like wit to judges should be shown;
“ Both most are valu'd where they best are known.
“ With ev'ry grace of nature or of art 15
“ We cannot break one stubborn country heart;
“ The brutes insensible our power defy:
“ To love exceeds a squire's capacity.
“ The town, the court, is Beauty's proper sphere:
“ That is our heaven, and we are angels there: 20
“ In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove;
“ The court of Britain is the court of Love.
“ How has my conscious heart with triumph glow'd,
“ How have my sparkling eyes their transport show'd,
“ At each distinguish'd birthnight ball to see 25
“ The homage due to empire paid to me?
“ When ev'ry eye was fix'd on me alone,
“ And dreaded mine more than the monarch's frown;
“ When rival statesmen for my favour strove,
“ Less jealous in their power than in their love. 30
“ Chang'd is the scene, and all my glories die,
“ Like flowers transplanted to a colder sky;

- " Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
 " The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.
 " In stupid indolence my life is spent, 35
 " Supinely calm and dully innocent :
 " Unblest I wear my useless time away,
 " Sleep, wretched maid ! all night, and dream all day,
 " Go at set hours to dinner and to prayer,
 " For dulness ever must be regular : 40
 " Now with mamma at tedious whist I play,
 " Now without scandal drink insipid tea,
 " Or in the garden breathe the country air,
 " Secure from meeting any tempter there.
 " From books to work from work to books I rove, 45
 " And am, alas ! at leisure to improve.
 " Is this the life a beauty ought to lead ?
 " Were eyes so radiant only made to read ?
 " These fingers, at whose touch e'en age would glow,
 " Are these of use for nothing but to sew ? 50
 " Sure erring nature never could design
 " To form a housewife in a mould like mine !
 " O Venus ! queen and guardian of the fair,
 " Attend propitious to thy vot'ry's prayer ;
 " Let me revisit the dear town again, 55
 " Let me be seen ! Could I that wish obtain
 " All other wishes my own power would gain." 57

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

IN FOUR ECLOGUES.

UNCERTAINTY. ECLOGUE I.

TO MR. POPE.

POPE ! to whose reed beneath the beechen shade
 The nymph of Thames a pleas'd attention paid,
 While yet thy Muse, content with humbler praise,
 Warbled in Windsor's grove her Sylvan lays,
 Though now sublimely borne on Homer's wing 5
 Of glorious wars and godlike chiefs she sing,
 Wilt thou with me revisit once again
 The crystal fountain and the flowery plain ?



LYTLETON.

Vile Progress of Love Pigeon lines

Popel to whose reed beneath the beechen shade
The nymph of Thames a pleas'd attention paid.

Wilt thou indulgent hear my verse relate
 The various changes of a lover's state,
 And while each turn of passion I pursue,
 Ask thy own heart if what I tell be true?

10

To the green margin of a lonely wood
 Whose pendent shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,
 Young Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd, 15
 Full of the image of the beauteous maid
 His flock far off unfed, untended lay,
 To ev'ry savage a defenceless prey;
 No sense of int'rest could their master move,
 And ev'ry care seem'd trifling now but love: 20
 Awhile in pensive silence he remain'd,
 But though his voice was mute his looks complain'd;
 At length the thoughts within his bosom pent
 Forc'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.

"Ye nymphs!" he cry'd, "ye Dryads! who so long
 "Have favour'd Damon and inspir'd his song, 26
 "For whom retir'd I shun the gay resorts
 "Of sportful cities and of pompous courts,
 "In vain I bid the restless world adieu,
 "To seek tranquillity and peace with you. 30
 "Though wild Ambition and destructive Rage
 "No factions here can form, no wars can wage,
 "Tho' Envy frowns not on your humble shades,
 "Nor Calumny your innocence invades,
 "Yet cruel Love, that troubler of the breast, 35
 "Too often violates your boasted rest;
 "With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,
 "And taints with bitterness each rural sweet.

"Ah luckless day! when first with fond surprise
 "On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes, 40
 "Then in wild tumults all my soul was tost,
 "Then reason, liberty, at once were lost,
 "And every wish, and thought, and care was gone,
 "But what my heart employ'd on her alone.
 "Then too she smil'd; can Smiles our peace destroy,
 "Those lovely children of Content and Joy? 46
 "How can soft pleasure and tormenting woe
 "From the same spring at the same moment flow?

" Unhappy boy! these vain inquiries cease,
 " Thought could not guard nor will restore thy peace;
 " Indulge the frenzy that thou must endure, 51
 " And sooth the pain thou know'st not how to cure.
 " Come, flatt'ring Memory! and tell my heart
 " How kind she was, and with what pleasing art
 " She strove its fondest wishes to obtain, 55
 " Confirm her power and faster bind my chain.
 " If on the green we danc'd a mirthful band,
 " To me alone she gave her willing hand;
 " Her partial taste if e'er I touch'd the lyre
 " Still in my song found something to admire; 60
 " By none but her my crook with flowers was crown'd,
 " By none but her my brows with ivy bound;
 " The world that Damon was her choice believ'd,
 " The world, alas! like Damon was deceiv'd.
 " When last I saw her, and declar'd my fire 65
 " In words as soft as passion could inspire,
 " Coldly she heard, and full of scorn withdrew,
 " Without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu.
 " The frightened hind who sees his ripen'd corn
 " Up from the roots by sudden tempest torn, 70
 " Whose fairest hopes destroy'd and blasted lie,
 " Feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.
 " Ah! how have I deserv'd, inhuman maid!
 " To have my faithful service thus repaid?
 " Were all the marks of kindness I receiv'd 75
 " But dreams of joy that charm'd me and deceiv'd?
 " Or did you only nurse my growing love
 " That with more pain I might your hatred prove?
 " Sure guilty treachery no place could find
 " In such a gentle, such a gen'rous mind; 80
 " A maid brought up the woods and wilds among
 " Could ne'er have learnt the arts of courts so young:
 " No; let me rather think her anger feign'd,
 " Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd;
 " 'Twas only modesty that seem'd disdain, 85
 " And her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain."

Pleas'd with this flatt'ring thought, the love-sick boy
 Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy,

Back to his flock more cheerful he return'd
 When now the setting sun more fiercely burn'd, 90
 Blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,
 And Light's last blushes ting'd the distant hills. 92

HOPE. ECLOGUE II.

TO MR. DODDINGTON.

Afterwards Lord Melcombe Regis.

HEAR, Doddington! the notes that shepherds sing,
 Like those that warbling hail the genial spring:
 Nor Pan nor Phœbus tunes our artless reeds,
 From Love alone their melody proceeds;
 From Love Theocritus on Enna's plains 5
 Learnt the wild sweetness of his Doric strains;
 Young Maro touch'd by his inspiring dart
 Could charm each ear, and soften ev'ry heart;
 Me too his power has reach'd, and bids with thine
 My rustic pipe in pleasing concert join*. 10

Damon no longer sought the silent shade,
 No more in unfrequented paths he stray'd,
 But call'd the swains to hear his jocund song,
 And told his joy to all the rural throng.

“Blest be the hour,” he said, “that happy hour,
 “When first I own'd my Delia's gentle power! 16
 “Then gloomy discontent and pining care
 “Forsook my breast, and left soft wishes there;
 “Soft wishes there they left and gay desires,
 “Delightful languors and transporting fires. 20
 “Where yonder limes combine to form a shade
 “These eyes first gaz'd upon the charming maid;
 “There she appear'd on that auspicious day
 “When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay:
 “She led the dance—Heavens! with what grace she
 “mov'd! 25
 “Who could have seen her then and not have lov'd?
 “I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,
 “But glory'd in a happy captive's name,
 “Nor would I now, could Love permit, be free,
 “But leave to brutes their savage liberty. 30

* Mr. Doddington had written some very pretty love verses which have never been published. *Lyttleton.*

- " And art thou then, fond youth! secure of joy?
 " Can no reverse thy flatt'ring blifs destroy?
 " Has treach'rous Love no torment yet in store?
 " Or hast thou never prov'd his fatal power?
 " Whence flow'd those tears that late bedew'd thy cheek?
 " Why sigh'd thy heart as if it strove to break? 36
 " Why were the desert rocks invoc'd to hear
 " The plaintive accent of thy sad despair?
 " From Delia's rigour all those pains arose,
 " Delia! who now compassionates my woes, 40
 " Who bids me hope, and in that charming word
 " Has peace and transport to my soul restor'd.
 " Begin, my pipe! begin the gladsome lay,
 " A kiss from Delia shall thy music pay,
 " A kiss obtain'd 'twixt struggling and consent, 45
 " Given with forc'd anger and disguis'd content.
 " No laureate wreaths I ask to bind my brows
 " Such as the muse on lofty bards bestows;
 " Let other swains to praise or fame aspire,
 " I from her lips my recompence require. 50
 " Why stays my Delia in her secret bower?
 " Light gales have chas'd the late impending shower,
 " Th' emerging sun more bright his beams extends,
 " Oppos'd its beauteous arch the rainbow bends,
 " Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay,
 " The birds renew their songs on ev'ry spray; 56
 " Come forth, my love! thy shepherd's joys to crown:
 " All nature smiles—will only Delia frown?
 " Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,
 " While every flower of ev'ry sweet they drain: 60
 " See how beneath yon' hillock's shady steep
 " The shelter'd herds on flow'ry couches sleep:
 " Nor bees nor herds are half so blest as I
 " If with my fond desires my love comply;
 " From Delia's lips a sweeter honey flows, 65
 " And on her bosom dwells more soft repose.
 " Ah how, my dear! shall I deserve thy charms?
 " What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms?
 " A bird for thee in filken bands I hold,
 " Whose yellow plumage shines like polish'd gold; 70

" From distant isles the lovely stranger came,
 " And bears the fortunate Canaries' name ;
 " In all our woods none boast so sweet a note,
 " Not e'en the nightingale's melodious throat ;
 " Accept of this, and could I add beside 75
 " What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide,
 " If all the gems in eastern rocks were mine,
 " On thee alone their glitt'ring pride should shine :
 " But if thy mind no gifts have power to move,
 " Phœbus himself shall leave th' Aonian grove ; 80
 " The tuneful nine, who never sue in vain,
 " Shall come sweet suppliants for their fav'rite swain :
 " For him each blue-ey'd Naiad of the flood,
 " For him each green-hair'd sister of the wood,
 " Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray 85
 " His music calls to dance the night away.
 " And you, fair nymphs! companions of my love,
 " With whom she joys the cowslip meads to rove,
 " I beg you recommend my faithful flame,
 " And let her often hear her shepherds name : 90
 " Shade all my faults from her inquiring sight,
 " And shew my merits in the fairest light ;
 " My pipe your kind assistance shall repay,
 " And ev'ry friend shall claim a different lay.
 " But see! in yonder glade the heavenly fair 95
 " Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air.
 " Ah! thither let me fly with eager feet :
 " Adieu, my pipe! I go my love to meet.
 " O may I find her as we parted last,
 " And may each future hour be like the past! 100
 " So shall the whitest lamb these pastures feed,
 " Propitious Venus! on thy altars bleed." 102

JEALOUSY. ECLOGUE III.

TO MR. EDWARD WALPOLE.

THE gods, O Walpole! give no blifs sincere,
 Wealth is disturb'd by care and power by fear.
 Of all the passions that employ the mind
 In gentle love the sweetest joys we find,

Yet e'en those joys dire Jealousy molests,
And blackens each fair image in our breasts.

5

O may the warmth of thy too tender heart
Ne'er feel the sharpness of his venom'd dart!
For thy own quiet think thy mistress just,
And wisely take thy happiness on trust.

10

Begin, my Muse! and Damon's woes rehearse
In wildest numbers and disorder'd verse.

On a romantic mountain's airy head
(While browsing goats at ease around him fed)
Anxious he lay, with jealous cares oppress'd,
Distrust and anger lab'ring in his breast,—
The vale beneath a pleasing prospect yields
Of verdant meads and cultivated fields;

15

Through these a river rolls its winding flood,
Adorn'd with various tufts of rising wood;
Here half concealed in trees a cottage stands,
A castle there the op'ning plain commands;
Beyond a town with glitt'ring spires is crown'd,
And distant hills the wide horizon bound.

20

So charming was the scene, a while the swain
Beheld delighted, and forgot his pain,
But soon the stings infix'd within his heart
With cruel force renew'd their raging smart:
His flow'ry wreath which long with pride he wore,
The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore,
Then cry'd:—"May all thy charms, ungrateful
"Maid!

25

"Like these neglected roses droop and fade!
"May angry heav'n deform each guilty grace
"That triumphs now in that deluding face!
"Those alter'd looks may ev'ry Shepherd fly,
"And ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worse than I!

35

"Say, thou Inconstant! what has Damon done
"To lose the heart his tedious pains had won?
"Tell me what charms you in my rival find
"Against whose pow'r no ties have strength to bind?
"Has he like me with long obedience strove
"To conquer your disdain, and merit love?

41

- “ Has he with transport ev’ry smile ador’d,
 “ And dy’d with grief at each ungentle word ?
 “ Ah, no ! the conquest was obtain’d with ease ; 45
 “ He pleas’d you by not studying to please ;
 “ His careless indolence your pride alarm’d,
 “ And had he lov’d you more he less had charm’d.
 “ O pain to think another shall possess
 “ Those balmy lips which I was wont to press ! 50
 “ Another on her panting breast shall lie,
 “ And catch sweet madness from her swimming eye !
 “ I saw their friendly flocks together feed,
 “ I saw them hand in hand walk o’er the mead ;
 “ Would my clos’d eye had sunk in endless night 55
 “ Ere I was doom’d to bear that hateful sight !
 “ Where’er they pass’d be blasted ev’ry flow’r,
 “ And hungry wolves their helpless flocks devour !—
 “ Ah, wretched swain ! could no examples move
 “ Thy heedless heart to shun the rage of love ? 60
 “ Hast thou not heard how poor Menalcas*dy’d
 “ A victim to Parthenia’s fatal pride ?
 “ Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
 “ Lov’d by the nymphs, by Phœbus lov’d, in vain :
 “ Around his tomb their tears the Muses paid, 65
 “ And all things mourn’d but the relentless maid,
 “ Would I could die like him and be at peace ;
 “ These torments in the quiet grave would cease ;
 “ There my vex’d thoughts a calm repose would find,
 “ And rest as if my Delia still were kind. 70
 “ No ; let me live her falsehood to upbraid ;
 “ Some god perhaps my just revenge will aid.—
 “ Alas ! what aid, fond Swain ! would thou receive ?
 “ Could thy heart bear to see its Delia grieve ?
 “ Protect her heav’n ! and let her never know 75
 “ The slightest part of hapless Damon’s woe :
 “ I ask no vengeance from the pow’rs above,
 “ All I implore is never more to love.—
 “ Let me this fondness from my bosom tear,
 “ Let me forget that e’er I thought her fair. 80

* See Mr. Gay’s Dione.

"Come, cool Indifference! and heal my breast;
 "Weary'd at length I seek thy downy rest:
 "No turbulence of passion shall destroy
 "My future ease with flatt'ring hopes of joy.
 "Hear, mighty Pan! and all ye Sylvans! hear 85
 "What by your guardian deities I swear;
 "No more my eyes shall view her fatal charms,
 "No more I'll court the trait'ers to my arms;
 "Not all her arts my steady soul shall move,
 "And she shall find that reason conquers love!" 90

Scarce had he spoke when thro' the lawn below
 Alone he saw the beauteous Delia go;
 At once transported he forgot his vow,
 (Such perjuries the laughing gods allow!)
 Down the steep hills with ardent haste he flew:
 He found her kind and soon believ'd her true. 96

POSSESSION. ECLOGUE IV.

TO LORD COBHAM.

COBHAM! to thee this rural lay I bring,
 Whose guiding judgment gives me skill to sing,
 Tho' far unequal to those polish'd strains
 With which thy Congreve charm'd the list'ning plains,
 Yet shall its music please thy partial ear, [dear,
 And sooth thy breast with thoughts that once were
 Recal those years which time has thrown behind,
 When smiling Love with Honour shar'd thy mind,
 When all thy glorious days of prosp'rous fight
 Delighted less than one successful night: 10
 The sweet remembrance shall thy youth restore,
 Fancy again shall run past pleasures o'er,
 And while in Stowe's enchanting walks you stray,
 This theme may help to cheat the summer's day.

Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood 15
 To Venus rais'd a rustic altar stood;
 To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd
 In friendly league to favour humankind.
 With wanton Cupids in that happy shade
 The gentle Virtues and mild Wisdom play'd; 20

Nor there in sprightly Pleasure's genial train
 Lurk'd sick Disgust or late repenting Pain,
 Nor Force nor Int'rest join'd unwilling hands,
 But Love consenting ty'd the blissful bands.

Thither with glad devotion Damon came, 25
 To thank the pow'rs who bless'd his faithful flame;
 Two milkwhite doves he on their altar laid,
 And thus to both his grateful homage paid:

" Hail, bounteous God! before whose hallow'd shrine

" My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine, 30

" While glowing in her cheeks with tender love

" Sweet virgin modesty reluctant strove;

" And hail to thee fair queen of young desires!

" Long shall my heart preserve thy pleasing fires

" Since Delia now can all its warmth return, 35

" As fondly languish and as fiercely burn.

" O the dear bloom of last propitious night!

" O shade more charming than the fairest light!

" Then in my arms I clasp'd the melting maid,

" Then all my pains one moment overpaid; 40

" Then first the sweet excess of bliss I prov'd,

" Which none can taste but who like me have lov'd.

" Thou too, bright Goddess! once in Ida's grove

" Didst not disdain to meet a shepherd's love:

" With him while frisking lambs around you play'd,

" Conceal'd you sported in the secret shade: 46

" Scarce could Anchises' raptures equal mine,

" And Delia's beauties only yield to thine.

" What are ye now my once most valu'd joys?

" Insipid trifles all and childish toys.— 50

" Friendship itself ne'er knew a charm like this,

" Nor Colin's talk could please like Delia's kisses.

" Ye Muses skill'd in ev'ry winning art,

" Teach me more deeply to engage her heart:

" Ye Nymphs! to her your freshest roses bring, 55

" And crown her with the pride of all the spring;

" On all her days let health and peace attend;

" May she ne'er want nor ever lose a friend!

" May some new pleasure ev'ry hour employ,

" But let her Damon be her highest joy! 60

" With thee my Love! for ever will I stay,
 " All night carefs thee, and admire all day;
 " In the ſame field our mingled flocks we'll feed,
 " To the ſame ſpring our thirſty heifers lead;
 " Together will we ſhare the harveſt toils, 65
 " Together preſs the vine's autumnal ſpoils.
 " Delightful ſtate! where Peace and Love combine,
 " To bid our tranquil days unclouded ſhine!
 " Here limpid fountains roll thro' flow'ry meads,
 " Here riſing foreſts liſt their verdant heads, 70
 " Here let me wear my careleſs life away,
 " And in thy arms inſenſibly decay.
 " When late old age our heads ſhall ſilver o'er,
 " And our ſlow pulſes dance with joy no more,
 " When Time no longer will thy beauties ſpare, 75
 " And only Damon's eye ſhall think thee fair,
 " Then may the gentle hand of welcome death
 " At one ſoft ſoft ſtroke deprive us both of breath!
 " May we beneath one common ſtone be laid,
 " And the ſame cypreſs both our aſhes ſhade! 80
 " Perhaps ſome friendly Muſe in tender verſe
 " Shall deign our faithful paſſion to rehearſe,
 " And future ages with juſt envy mov'd
 " Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd." 84

BLENHEIM.

WRITTEN AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,

In the Year 1727.

PARENT of Arts! whoſe ſkilful hands firſt taught
 The tow'ring pile to riſe, and form'd the plan
 With fair proportion, Architect divine!
 Minerva! thee to my advent'rous lyre
 Aſſiſtant I invoke, that means to ſing 5
 Blenheim, proud monument of Britiſh fame,
 Thy glorious work! for thou the lofty tow'rs
 Didſt to his virtue raiſe whom oft' thy ſhield
 In peril guarded, and thy wiſdom ſteer'd
 Thro' all the ſtorms of war.—Thee too I call 10
 Thalia! ſylvan Muſe, who lov'ſt to rove

Along the shady paths and verdant bow'rs
 Of Woodstock's happy grove, there tuning sweet
 Thy rural pipe, while all the Dryad train
 Attentive listen, let thy warbling song 15
 Paint with melodious praise the pleasing scene,
 And equal these to Pindus' honour'd shades.

When Europe freed confess'd the saving pow'r
 Of Marlborough's hand, Britain, who sent him forth,
 Chief of confederate hosts to fight the cause 20
 Of Liberty and Justice, grateful rais'd
 This palace, sacred to her leader's fame;
 A trophy of success with spoils adorn'd
 Of conquer'd towns, and glorying in the name
 Of that auspicious field where Churchill's sword 25
 Vanquish'd the might of Gallia, and chastis'd
 Rebel Bavar.—Majestic in its strength
 Stands the proud dome, and speaks its great design.

Hail, happy Chief! whose valour could deserve
 Reward, so glorious! grateful Nation hail! 30
 Who paidst his service with so rich a meed?
 Which most shall I admire, which worthiest praise,
 The hero or the people? Honour doubts,
 And weighs their virtues in an equal scale.
 Not thus Germania pays th' uncancell'd debt 35
 Of Gratitude to us.—Blush Cæsar! blush,
 When thou beholdest these tow'rs, Ingrate! to thee
 A monument of shame! Canst thou forget
 Whence they are nam'd, and what an English arm
 Did for thy throne that day? but we disdain 40
 Or to upbraid or imitate thy guilt.
 Steel thy obdurate heart against the sense
 Of obligation infinite, and know
 Britain, like Heav'n, protects a thankless world
 For her own glory, nor expects reward. 45

Pleas'd with the noble theme her task the Muse
 Pursues untir'd, and thro' the palace roves
 With ever-new delight. The tap'stry rich
 With gold, and gay with all the beauteous paint
 Of various colour'd silks, dispos'd with skill, 50
 Attracts her curious eye. Here Ister rolls

His purple wave, and there the Granick flood
 With passing squadrons foams ; here hardy Gaul
 Flies from the sword of Britain, there to Greece
 Effeminate Persia yields.—In arms oppos'd 55
 Marlborough and Alexander vie for fame
 With glorious competition, equal both
 In valour and in fortune ; but their praise
 Be different, for with different views they fought,
 This to subdue, and that to free mankind. 60

Now thro' the stately portals issuing forth
 The Muse to softer glories turns, and seeks
 The woodland shade delighted. Not the vale
 Of Tempe, fam'd in song, or Ida's grove,
 Such beauty boasts. Amid the mazy gloom 65
 Of this romantic wilderness once stood
 The bow'r of Rosamonda, hapless fair !
 Sacred to grief and love : the crystal fount
 In which she us'd to bathe her beauteous limbs
 Still warbling flows, pleas'd to reflect the face 70
 Of Spenser, lovely maid ! when tir'd she sits
 Beside its flow'ry brink, and views those charms
 Which only Rosamond could once excel.
 But see where flowing with a nobler stream
 A limpid lake of purest waters rolls 75
 Beneath the wide-stretch'd arch, stupendous work !
 Thro' which the Danube might collected pour
 His spacious urn : silent a while and smooth
 The current glides, till with an headlong force
 Broke and disorder'd down the steep it falls 80
 In loud cascades ; the silver-sparkling foam
 Glitters reluctant in the dancing ray.
 In these retreats repos'd the mighty soul
 Of Churchill, from the toils of war and state
 Splendidly private, and the tranquil joy 85
 Of Contemplation felt, while Blenheim's dome
 Triumphal ever in his mind renew'd
 The mem'ry of his fame, and sooth'd his thoughts
 With pleasing record of his glorious deeds.
 So by the rage of Faction home recall'd 90

Lucullus, while he wag'd successful war
 Against the pride of Asia and the pow'r
 Of Mithridates, whose aspiring mind
 No losses could subdue, enrich'd with spoils
 Of conquer'd nations back return'd to Rome, 95
 And in magnificent retirement past
 The ev'ning of his life.—But not alone
 In the calm shades of honourable ease
 Great Malb'rough peaceful dwelt, indulgent Heav'n
 Gave a companion to his softer hours, 100
 With whom conversing he forgot all change
 Of fortune or of state, and in her mind
 Found greatness equal to his own, and lov'd
 Himself in her—Thus each by each admir'd
 In mutual honour mutual fondness join'd ; 105
 Like two fair stars with intermingled light
 In friendly union they together shone,
 Aiding each other's brightness, till the cloud
 Of night eternal quench'd the beams of one.
 Thee Churchill ! first the ruthless hand of Death 110
 Tore from thy consort's side, and call'd thee hence
 To the sublimer seats of joy and love,
 Where Fate again shall join her soul to thine,
 Who now, regardless of thy fame, erects
 The column to thy praise, and sooths her woe 115
 With pious honours to thy sacred name
 Immortal. Lo ! where tow'ring in the height
 Of yon' ærial pillar proudly stands
 Thy image, like a guardian god sublime,
 And awes the subject plain : beneath his feet 120
 The German eagles spread their wings ; his hand
 Grasps Victory, its slave. Such was thy brow
 Majestic, such thy martial port, when Gaul
 Fled from thy frown, and in Danube fought 124
 A refuge from thy sword.—There where the field
 Was deepest stain'd with gore, on Hockstet's plain,
 The theatre of thy glory, once was rais'd
 A meaner trophy by th' Imperial hand ;
 Extorted gratitude, which now the rage
 Of malice impotent, befeeming ill 103

A regal breast, has levell'd to the ground ;
Mean insult ! this with better auspices
Shall stand on British earth to tell the world
How Marlborough fought, for whom and how repaid
His services. Nor shall the constant love 135
Of her who rais'd this monument be lost
In dark oblivion ; that shall be the theme
Of future bards in ages yet unborn
Inspir'd with Chaucer's fire, who in these groves
First tun'd the British harp and little deem'd 140
His humble dwelling should the neighbour be
Of Blenheim, house superb ! to which the throng
Of travellers approaching, shall not pass
His roof unnoted, but respectful hail
With reverence due. Such honour does the Muse
Obtain her favourites !—But the noble pile 146
(My theme) demands my voice.—O Shade ador'd,
Marlborough ! who now above the starry sphere
Dwell'st in the palaces of heav'n enthron'd
Among the demigods, deign to defend 150
This thy abode, while present here below
And sacred still to thy immortal fame,
With tutelary care : preserve it safe
From Time's destroying hand, and cruel stroke
Of factious Envy's more relentless rage. 155
Here may long ages hence the British youth,
When honour calls them to the field of war,
Behold the trophies which thy valour rais'd,
The proud reward of thy successful toils
For Europe's freedom and Britannia's fame, 160
That fir'd with generous envy, they may dare
To emulate thy deeds.—So shall thy name,
Dear to thy country, still inspire her sons
With martial virtue, and to high attempts
Excite their arms, till other battles won 165
And nations sav'd new monuments require,
And other Blenheims shall adorn the land. 167

ON GOOD HUMOUR.

WRITTEN AT ETON SCHOOL, 1729.

TELL me, ye Sons of Phœbus ! what is this
 Which all admire, but few, too few, possess ?
 A virtue 'tis to ancient maids unknown,
 And prudes who spy all faults except their own,
 Lov'd and defended by the brave and wise, 5
 Tho' knaves abuse it and like fools despise.
 Say, Wyndham ! 'if tis possible to tell,
 What is the thing in which you most excel ?
 Hard is the question, for in all you please ;
 Yet sure good nature is your noblest praise : 10
 Secur'd by this your parts no envy move,
 For none can envy him whom all must love.
 This magic pow'r can make ev'n folly please ;
 This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,
 And sweetens ev'ry charm in Cælia's face. 15

ADVICE TO A LADY, 1731.

THE counsels of a friend, Belinda ! hear,
 Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
 Unlike the flatt'ries of a lover's pen,
 Such truths as women seldom learn from men ;
 Nor think I praise you ill when thus I show 5
 What female vanity might fear to know.
 Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere,
 But greater's your sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends ;
 Women, like princes, find few real friends ; 10
 All who approach them their own ends pursue :
 Lovers and ministers are seldom true :
 Hence oft' from reason heedless Beauty strays,
 And the most trusted guide the most betrays ;
 Hence by fond dreams of fancy'd pow'r amus'd, 15
 When most ye tyrannize you're most abus'd.

What is your sex's earliest latest care,
 Your heart's supreme ambition ?—To be fair.
 For this the toilet ev'ry thought employs,
 Hence all the toils of dress and all the joys, 20

For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
 And each instructed feature has its rule ;
 And yet how few have learnt when this is giv'n
 Not to disgrace the partial boon of heav'n !
 How few with all their pride of form can move ! 25
 How few are lovely that are made for love !
 Do you, my Fair ! endeavour to possess
 An elegance of mind as well as dress ;
 Be that your ornament, and know to please
 By graceful Nature's unaffected ease. 30

Nor make to dang'rous wit a vain pretence,
 But wisely rest content with modest sense,
 For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
 Too strong for feeble women to sustain ;
 Of those who claim it more than half have none, 35
 And half of those who have it are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
 Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts :
 For you the plainest is the wisest rule,
 " A cunning woman is a knavish fool." 40

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
 Can raise your merit or adorn your fame.
 Prudes rail at whores, as statesmen in disgrace
 At ministers, because they wish their place.
 Virtue is amiable, mild, serene, 45
 Without all beauty, and all peace within ;
 The honour of a prude is rage and storm ;
 'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form ;
 Fiercely it stands defying gods and men,
 As fiery monsters guard a giant's den. 50

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great ;
 A woman's noblest station is retreat ;
 Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
 Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man Ambition's task resign ; 55
 'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,
 To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
 Or dare the rage of envy, and be great.
 One only care your gentle breast should move ;
 Th' important business of your life is love : 60

To this great point direct your constant aim,
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd ;
With caution chuse, but then be fondly kind,
The selfish heart that but by halves is given, 65
Shall find no place in Love's delightful heaven ;
Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless :
The virtue of a lover is excess.

A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame ;
Not loving first but loving wrong is shame. 70

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain :
Short is the period of insulting power ;
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour,
Soon will resume the empire which he gave, 75
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Blest is the maid and worthy to be blest,
Whose soul entire by him she loves possest,
Feels ev'ry vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no power but that of pleasing most : 80
Her's is the bliss in just return to prove
The honest warmth of undissembled love ;
For her inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy, 85
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
Let reason teach what passion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be ty'd.
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown
If angry Fortune on their union frown ; 90
Soon will the flattering dream of bliss be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more :
Then waking to the sense of lasting pain
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain,
And that fond love which should afford relief 95
Does but increase the anguish of their grief,
While both could easier their own sorrows bear
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than sell your violated charms for gain, 100

Than wed the wretch whom you despise or hate
 For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.
 The most abandon'd prostitutes are they
 Who not to love but av'rice falls a prey :
 Nor aught avails the specious name of wife ; 105
 A maid so wedded is a whore for life.

E'en in the happiest choice, where fav'ring heaven,
 Has equal love and easy fortune given,
 Think not the husband gain'd that all is done ;
 The prize of happiness must still be won ; 110
 And oft the careless find it to their cost
 The lover in the husband may be lost :
 The Graces might alone his heart allure ;
 They and the Virtues meeting must secure.

Let e'en your prudence wear the pleasing dress 115
 Of care for him and anxious tenderness.

From kind concern about his weal or woe
 Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
 The household sceptre if he bids you bear,
 Make it your pride his servant to appear : 120
 Endearing thus the common acts of life
 The mistress still shall charm him in the wife,
 And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on
 Before his eye perceives one beauty gone ;
 E'en o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn, 125
 His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, Belinda ! would your charms improve,
 And form your heart to all the arts of love :
 The task were harder to secure my own
 Against the power of those already known, 130
 For well you twist the secret chains that bind
 With gentle force the captivated mind,
 Skill'd ev'ry soft attraction to employ,
 Each flatt'ring hope and each alluring joy.
 I your own genius, and from you receive
 The rules of pleasing which to you I give. 136

VERSES

*Written at Mr. Pope's House at Twickenham, which he had lent to
Mrs. Greville, in August 1735.*

GO, Thames! and tell the busy town,
Not all its wealth or pride
Could tempt me from the charms that crown
Thy rural flow'ry side;

4

II.

Thy flow'ry side, where Pope has plac'd
The muses' green retreat,
With ev'ry smile of nature grac'd,
With ev'ry art complete.

8

III.

But now, sweet bard! thy heavenly song
Enchants us here no more,
Their darling glory lost too long
Thy once lov'd shades deplore.

12

IV.

Yet still for beauteous Greville's sake,
The muses here remain;
Greville! whose eyes have power to make
A Pope of ev'ry swain.

16

AN IRREGULAR ODE,

WRITTEN AT WICKHAM IN 1746.

To Miss Fortescue.

YE sylvan scenes with artless beauty gay,
Ye gentle shades of Wickham! say
What is the charm that each successive year
Which sees me with my Lucy here,
Can thus to my transported heart
A sense of joy unfelt before impart?

5

II.

Is it glad summer's balmy breath, that blows
From the fair jess'mine and the blushing rose?
Her balmy breath and all her blooming store
Of rural bliss was here before;
Oft have I met her on the verdant side
Of Norwood hill, and in the yellow meads
Where Pan the dancing Graces leads,

10

Array'd in all her flow'ry pride;
 No sweeter fragrance now the gardens yield,
 No brighter colours paint th' enamell'd field.

15

III.

Is it to Love those new delights I owe?
 Four time has the revolving sun
 His annual circle through the zodiac run,
 Since all that Love's indulgent power
 On favour'd mortals can bestow
 Was givn me in this auspicious bower.

20

IV.

Here first my Lucy, sweet in virgin charms,
 Was yielded to my longing arms;
 And round our nuptial bed
 Hov'ring with purple wings th' Idalian boy
 Shook from his radiant torch the blissful fires
 Of innocent desires,
 While Venus scatter'd myrtles o'er her head.
 Whence then this strange increase of joy?
 He, only he, can tell, who match'd like me,
 (If such another happy man there be)
 Has by his own experience try'd
 How much the wife is dearer than the bride.

25

30

34

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SAME LADY.

A MONODY, A. D. 1747.

“ Ipse cava solans ægrum testudine amorem,
 “ Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
 “ Te viniente die, te decedente canabat.”

AT length escap'd from ev'ry human eye,
 From ev'ry duty, ev'ry care,
 That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
 Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry,
 Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring shade,
 This lone retreat for tender sorrow made,
 I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
 And pour forth all my stores of grief;
 Of grief surpassing ev'ry other woe,
 Far as the purest bliss the happiest love
 Can on the ennobled mind bestow

5

10

Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires inelegant and low.

II.

Ye tufted groves ! ye gently falling rills !
Ye high o'ershadowing hills ! 15
Ye lawns ! gay-smiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy seen !
But never shall you now behold her more,
Nor will she now with fond delight
And taste refin'd your rural charms explore : 20
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
Those beauteous eyes, where beaming us'd to shine
Reason's pure light and Virtue's spark divine.

III.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
To hear her heavenly voice ; 25
For her despising when she deign'd to sing
The sweetest songsters of the spring,
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more,
The nightingale was mute,
And ev'ry shepherd's flute 30
Was cast in silent scorn away,
While all attended to her sweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets ! now resume your song,
And thou, melodious Philomel !
Again thy plaintive story tell, 35
For death has stopt that tuneful tongue
Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

IV.

In vain I look around
O'er all the well known ground
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry, 40
Where oft we us'd to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer sun go down the sky ;
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide 45
Along the valley can she now be found.
In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound
No more my mournful eye

Can aught of her espy
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie. 50

V.

O shades of Hagley! where is now your boast?
Your bright inhabitant is lost.
You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
Where female vanity might wish to shine,
The pomp of cities and the pride of courts: 55
Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye:
To your sequester'd dales
And flower-embroider'd vales
From an admiring world she chose to fly;
With nature there retir'd and nature's God 60
The silent paths of wisdom trod,
And banish'd ev'ry passion from her breast,
But those, the gentlest and the best,
Whose holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve, 65
The conjugal and the maternal love.

VI.

Sweet babes! who like the little playful fawns
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns
By your delighted mother's side,
Who now your infant steps shall guide? 70
Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
To ev'ry virtue would have form'd your youth,
And strew'd with flowers the thorny ways of truth?
O loss beyond repair!
O wretched father! left alone 75
To weep their dire misfortune and thy own!
How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe,
Now she, alas! is gone, 80
From folly and from vice their helpless age to save?

VII.

Where were ye, Muses! when relentless fate
From these fond arms your fair disciple tore,
From these fond arms, that vainly strove
With hapless ineffectual love 85

To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
 Could not your fav'ring power, Aonian maids!
 Could not, alas! your power prolong her date,
 From whom so oft in these inspiring shades,
 Or under Campden's moss-clad mountains hoar, 90
 You open'd all your sacred store,
 Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
 Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
 And bad her raptur'd breast with all your spirit glow?

VIII.

Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain, 95
 Or Aganippe's fount, your steps detain,
 Nor in the Thespian vallies did you play,
 Nor then on Mincio's* bank,
 Beset with osiers dank,
 Nor where Clitumnus† rolls his gentle stream, 100
 Nor where through hanging woods
 Steep Anio‡ pours his floods,
 Nor yet where Meles|| or Ilusus§ stray.
 Ill does it now beseem
 That of your guardian care bereft 105
 To dire disease and death your darling should be left.

IX.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
 When light fantastic toys
 Are all her sex's joys, 109
 With you she search'd the wit of Greece and Rome,
 And all that in her latter days
 To emulate her ancient praise
 Italia's happy genius could produce,
 Or what the Gallic fire
 Bright sparkling could inspire, 115
 By all the graces temper'd and refin'd,
 Or what in Britain's isle,
 Most favour'd with your smile,

* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth place of Virgil.

† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.

‡ The Anio runs through Tiber or Trivoli, where Horace had a villa.

|| The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on its banks, is called Melesigenes.

§ The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

The powers of reason and of fancy join'd
 To full perfection have conspir'd to raise? 120
 Ah! what is now the use
 Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,
 To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd?

X.

At least, ye Nine! her spotless name
 'Tis yours from death to save, 125
 And in the temple of immortal fame
 With golden characters her worth engrave.
 Come then, ye virgin sisters! come,
 And strew with choicest flowers her hallow'd tomb;
 But foremost thou, in fable vestment clad, 130
 With accents sweet and sad,
 Thou, plaintive muse! whom o'er his Laura's urn
 Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn,
 O come! and to this fairer Laura pay
 A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay. 135

XI.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
 Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace!
 How eloquent in ev'ry look
 Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke!
 Tell how her manners by the world refin'd 140
 Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
 And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
 With candid Truth's simplicity
 And uncorrupted Innocence!
 Tell how to more than manly sense 145
 She join'd the soft'ning influence
 Of more than female tenderness!
 How in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
 Which oft the care of others good destroy,
 Her kindly melting heart 150
 To ev'ry want and ev'ry woe,
 To guilt itself, when in distress,
 The balm of pity would impart,
 And all relief that bounty could bestow!
 E'en for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life 155
 Beneath the bloody knife

Her gentle tears would fall,
Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all!

XII.

Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated was her mind ; 160
A spirit that with noble pride
Could look superior down
On Fortune's smile or frown ;
That could without regret or pain
To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice 165
Or int'rest or ambition's highest prize ;
That injur'd or offended never try'd
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
But by magnanimous disdain ;
A wit that temperately bright 170
With inoffensive light
All pleasing shone, nor ever past
The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
And bashful Modesty, before it cast ; 175
A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
That nor too little nor too much believ'd,
That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
And without weakness knew to be sincere !
Such Lucy was when in her fairest days, 180
Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,
In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
Death came remorseless on and sunk her to the tomb.

XIII.

So where the silent streams of Liris glide
In the soft bosom of Campania's vale, 185
When now the wintry tempests all are fled
And genial summer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head,
From ev'ry branch the balmy flow'rets rise,
On ev'ry bough the golden fruits are seen, 190
With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
The wood-nymphs tend iand th' Idalian queen,
But in the midst of all its blooming pride

A sudden blast from Appenninus blows
Cold with perpetual snows, 195
The tender plighted plant shrinks up its leaves and dies.

XIV.

Arise, O Petrarch ! from th' Elysian bowers
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd ; 200
Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
Tun'd by the skilful hand
To the soft notes of elegant desire,
With which o'er many a land
Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love ; 205
To me resign the vocal shell,
And teach my sorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale so well
As may e'en things inanimate, 209
Rough mountain oaks and desert rocks to pity move.

XV.

What were, alas ! thy woes compar'd to mine ?
To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand ;
The joys of wedded love were never thine.
In thy domestic care 215
She never bore a share,
Nor with endearing heart
Would heal thy wounded art
Of ev'ry secret grief that fester'd there ;
Nor did her fond affection on the bed 220
Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unweary'd arm sustain,
And charm away the sense of pain ;
Nor did she crown your mutual flame 224
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

XVI.

O best of wives ! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms
Were yielded to my arms !
How can my soul endure the loss of thee ?

How in the world, to me a desert grown,
 Abandon'd and alone
 Without my sweet companion can I live?
 Without thy lovely smile,
 The dear reward of ev'ry virtuous toil,
 What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give? 235
 E'en the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise [raise.
 Unshar'd by thee no more my lifeless thoughts could

XVII.

For my distracted mind
 What succour can I find?
 On whom for consolation shall I call? 240
 Support me ev'ry friend,
 Your kind assistance lend
 To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
 Alas! each friend of mine,
 My dear departed love! so much was thine, 245
 That none has any comfort to bestow.
 My books, the best relief
 In ev'ry other grief,
 Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
 Each fav'rite author we together read 250
 My tortur'd mem'ry wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead,

XVIII.

We were the happiest pair of human kind.
 The rolling year its varying course performed,
 And back return'd again,
 Another and another smiling came, 255
 And saw our happiness unchang'd remain:
 Still in her golden chain
 Harmonious concord did our wishes bind,
 Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.
 O fatal fatal stroke!
 That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
 Of rare felicity,
 On which e'en wanton vice with envy gaz'd,
 And ev'ry scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd
 With soothing hope for many a future day, 265
 In one sad moment broke!
 Yet, O my soul! thy rising murmurs stay,

Nor dare th' all-wise Disposer to arraign,
 Or against his supreme decree
 With impious grief complain. 270
 That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade
 Was his most righteous will—and be that will obey'd.

XIX.

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
 And in these low abodes of sin and pain
 Her pure exalted soul 275
 Unjustly for thy partial good detain?
 No—rather strive thy grov'ling mind to raise
 Up to that unclouded blaze,
 That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
 In which enthron'd she now with pity sees 280
 How frail, how insecure, how flight,
 Is ev'ry mortal bliss;
 E'en love itself, if rising by degrees
 Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
 Whose fleeting joys so soon must end, 285
 It does not to its sov'reign good ascend.
 Rise then, my soul! with hope elate,
 And seek those regions of serene delight
 Whose peaceful path and ever open gate
 No feet but those of harden'd guilt shall miss; 290
 There Death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
 There yield up all his power e'er to divide you more.

VIRTUE AND FAME.

TO THE COUNTESS OF EGREMONT.

VIRTUE and Fame the other day
 Happen'd to cross each other's way;
 Said Virtue, "Hark ye, Madame Fame!
 "Your ladyship is much to blame;
 "Jove bids you always wait on me, 5
 "And yet your face I seldom see;
 "The Paphian queen employs your trumpet,
 "And bids it praise some handsome strumpet,
 "Or thund'ring thro' the ranks of war,
 "Ambition ties you to her car." 10

Saith Fame, "Dear Madam I protest
 "I never find myself so blest
 "As when I humbly wait behind you;
 "But 'tis so mighty hard to find you,
 "In such obscure retreats you lurk,
 "To seek you is an endless work." 15

"Well," answer'd Virtue, "I allow
 "Your plea; but hear, and mark me now.
 "I know, (without offence to others)
 "I know the best of wives and mothers, 20
 "Who never pass'd an useless day
 "In scandal, gossiping, or play,
 "Whose modest wit chafis'd by sense
 "In lively cheerful innocence,
 "Whose heart nor envy knows nor spite, 25
 "Whose duty is her sole delight,
 "Nor rul'd by whim nor slave to fashion,
 "Her parents' joy, her husband's passion."

Fame smil'd, and answer'd; "On my life
 "This is some country parson's wife, 30
 "Who never saw the Court nor Town,
 "Whose face is homely as her gown,
 "Who banquets upon eggs and bacon—"

"No, Madam, no,—you're much mistaken—
 "I beg you'll let me set you right— 35
 "'Tis one with ev'ry beauty bright,
 "Adorn'd with ev'ry polish'd art
 "That rank or fortune can impart;
 "'Tis the most celebrated toast
 "That Britain's spacious isle can boast: 40
 "'Tis princely Petworth's noble dame,
 "'Tis Egremont—Go tell it fame."

ADDITION EXTEMPORE,

BY EARL HARDWICKE.

FAME heard with pleasure—straight reply'd,
 "First on my roll stands Wyndham's bride;
 "My trumpet oft I've rais'd to sound
 "Her modest praise the world around, 4

“ But notes were wanting.—Canst thou find
 “ A Muse to sing her face, her mind ?
 “ Believe me I can name but one,
 “ A friend of your's—'tis Lyttleton.”

8

LETTER TO EARL HARDWICKE,

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING VERSES.

MY LORD,

A THOUSAND thanks to your Lordship for your
 Addition to my verses. If you can write such
extempore, it is well for other poets that you chose to
 be Lord Chancellor rather than a Laureate. They
 explain to me a vision I had the night before.

Methought I saw before my feet,
 With countenance serene and sweet,
 The Muse who in my youthful days
 Had oft inspir'd my careless lays ;
 She smil'd, and said, “ Once more I see
 “ My fugitive returns to me ;
 “ Long had I lost you from my bow'r,
 “ You scorn'd to own my gentle pow'r ;
 “ With me no more your genius sported,
 “ The grave historic Muse you courted,
 “ Or rais'd from earth with straining eyes,
 “ Pursu'd Urania thro' the skies ;
 “ But now to my forsaken track
 “ Fair Egremont has brought you back :
 “ Nor blush by her and Virtue led,
 “ That soft, that pleasing path to tread ;
 “ For there beneath to-morrow's ray
 “ E'en Wisdom's self shall deign to play.
 “ Lo! to my flow'ry groves and springs
 “ Her fav'rite son the goddess brings
 “ The councils and the senate's guide,
 “ Law's oracle, the nation's pride ;
 “ He comes, he joys with thee to join
 “ In singing Wyndham's charms divine ;
 “ To thine he adds his nobler lays,
 “ E'en thee, my Friend ! he deigns to praise.
 “ Enjoy that praise, nor envy Pitt
 “ His fame with burgeses or with cit ;

5

10

15

20

25

“ For sure one line from such a bard
 “ Virtue would think her best reward.”

30

HYMN TO ELIZA.

MADAM, before your feet I lay
 This ode upon your wedding day,
 The first indeed I ever made,
 For writing odes is not my trade :
 My head is full of household cares
 And necessary dull affairs ;
 Besides that sometimes jealous frumps
 Will put me into doleful dumps,
 And then no clown beneath the sky
 Was e’er more ungallant than I :
 For you alone I now think fit
 To turn a poet and a wit—
 For you, whose charms I know not how
 Have pow’r to smoothe my wrinkled brow,
 And make me, tho’ by nature stupid,
 As brisk and as alert as Cupid.
 These obligations to repay,
 Whene’er your happy nuptial day
 Shall with the circling years return,
 For you my torch shall brighter burn
 Than when you first my pow’r ador’d,
 Nor will I call myself your Lord.
 But am (as witness this my hand)
 Your humble servant at command.
 Dear Child ! let Hymen not beguile
 You, who are such a judge of style,
 To think that he these verses made
 Without an abler penman’s aid ;
 Observe them well, you’ll plainly see
 That ev’ry line was writ by me.

5

10

15

20

HYMEN.

25

CUPID.

ON READING MISS CARTER’S POEMS.

IN MANUSCRIPT.

SUCH were the notes that struck the wond’ring ear
 Of silent Night, when on the verdant banks
 Of Siloe’s hallow’d brook celestial harps,
 According to seraphic voices sung

"Glory to God on high, and on earth
 "Peace and goodwill to men!"—Resume the lyre, 5
 Chantress divine! and ev'ry Briton call
 Its melody to hear—so shall thy strains,
 More pow'rful than the song of Orpheus, tame,
 The savage heart of brutal Vice, and bend 10
 At pure Religion's shrine the stubborn knees
 Of bold Impiety,—Greece shall no more
 Of Lesbian Sappho boast, whose wanton Muse
 Like a false Siren, while she charm'd, seduc'd
 To guilt and ruin. For the sacred head 15
 Of Britain's poetess the Virtues twine
 A nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove
 Unfading gather'd, and direct the hand
 Of——to fix it on her brows. 19

MOUNT EDGECUMBE.

THE Gods on thrones celestial seated,
 By Jove with bowls of nectar heated,
 All on Mount Edgcumbe turn'd their eyes :
 "That place is mine," great Neptune cries ;
 "Behold how proud o'er all the main 5
 "Those stately turrets seem to reign!
 "No views so grand on earth you see!
 "The master too belongs to me ;
 "I grant him my domain to share ;
 "I bid his hand my trident bear." 10
 "The sea is your's but mine the land,"
 Pallas replies. "By me were plann'd
 "Those tow'rs, that hospital, those docks,
 "That fort which crowns those island rocks :
 "The lady too is of my choir, 15
 "I taught her hand to touch the lyre,
 "With ev'ry charm her mind I grac'd,
 "I gave her prudence, knowledge, taste."
 "Hold, Madam!" interrupted Venus,
 "The lady must be shar'd between us ; 20
 "And surely mine is yonder grove,
 "So fine, so dark, so fit for love,

“ Trees such as in th’ Idalian glade

“ Or Cyprian lawn my palace shade.”

Then Oreads, Dryads, Naiads, came,
Each nymph alledg’d her lawful claim.

25

But Jove, to finish the debate,
Thus spoke, and what he speaks is fate:

“ Nor god nor goddess great or small

“ That dwelling his or her’s may call,

“ I made Mount Edgecumbe for you all.”

31

INVITATION.

TO THE DOWAGER DUTCHESS D’AIGUILLON.

WHEN Peace shall on her downy wing
To France and England Friendship bring,

Come, Aiguillon! and here receive

That homage we delight to give

To foreign talents, foreign charms,

5

To worth which Envy’s self disarms

Of jealous hatred: come and love

That nation which you now approve:

So shall by France amends be made

(If such a debt can e’er be paid)

10

For having with seducing art

From Britain stol’n her Harvey’s heart.

12

SOME ADDITIONAL STANZAS

TO ASTOLFO’S VOYAGE TO THE MOON,
IN ARIOSTO.

WHEN now Astolfo, stor’d within a vase,
Orlando’s wits had safely brought away,

He turn’d his eyes towards another place

Where closely cork’d unnumber’d bottles lay.

4

Of finest crystal were those bottles made,

Yet what was there enclos’d he could not see,

Wherefore in humble wise the saint he pray’d

To tell what treasure there conceal’d might be.

8

“ A wondrous thing it is,” the saint reply’d,

“ Yet undefin’d by any mortal wight,

“ An airy essence not to be descry’d,

“ Subtle and thin, that Maidenhead is light.

12

" From earth each day in troops they hither come
 " And fill each hole and corner of the Moon,
 " For they are never easy while at home,
 " Nor ever owner thought them gone too soon. 16

" When here arriv'd they are in bottles pent,
 " For fear they should evaporate again,
 " And hard it is a prison to invent
 " So volatile a spirit to retain. 20

" Those that to young and wanton girls belong,
 " Leap, bounce, and fly, as if they'd burst the glass,
 " But those that have below been kept too long
 " Are spiritless, and quite decay'd, alas!" 24

So spake the faint, and wonder seiz'd the knight,
 As of each vessel he th' inscription read,
 For various secrets that were brought to light
 Of which Report on earth had nothing said. 28

Virginities that close confin'd he thought
 In th' other world he found above the sky;
 His sister's and his cousin's there were brought,
 Which made him swear tho' good St. John was by. 32

But much his wrath increas'd when he espy'd
 That which was Chloe's once, his mistress dear:
 " Ah, false and treach'rous Fugitive!" he cry'd,
 " Little I deem'd that I should meet thee here. 36

" Did not thy owner when we parted last
 " Promise to keep thee safe for me alone?
 " Scarce of our absence three short months are past,
 " And thou already from thy post art flown. 40

" Be not enrag'd," reply'd th' Apostle kind—
 " Since that this Maidenhead is thine by right,
 " Take it away, and when thou hast a mind
 " Carry it thither whence it took its flight." 44

" Thanks, Holy Father!" quoth the joyous knight,
 " The Moon shall be no loser by your grace;
 " Let me but have the use on't for a night,
 " And I'll restore it to its present place." 48

ELEGY.

TELL me, my heart! fond slave of hopeless love,
 And doom'd its woes without its joys to prove,
 Canst thou endure thus calmly to erase
 The dear, dear image of thy Delia's face?
 Canst thou exclude that habitant divine
 To place some meaner idol in her shrine? 5
 O task for feeble Reason too severe!
 O lesson nought could teach me but despair!
 Must I forbid my eyes that heavn'ly sight
 They've view'd so oft' with languishing delight? 10
 Must my ears shun that voice whose charming sound
 Seem'd to relieve while it increas'd my wound?
 O Waller! Petrarch! you who tun'd the lyre
 To the soft notes of elegant desire,
 Tho' Sidney to a rival gave her charms, 15
 Tho' Laura dying left her lover's arms,
 Yet were your pains less exquisite than mine;
 'Tis easier far to lose than to resign! 18

PROLOGUE TO THOMSON'S CORIOLANUS.

SPOKEN BY MR. QUIN.

I COME not here your candour to implore
 For scenes whose author is, alas! no more;
 He wants no advocate his cause to plead;
 You will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
 No party his benevolence confin'd, 5
 No sect—alike it flow'd to all mankind.
 He lov'd his friends, (forgive this gushing tear;
 Alas! I feel I am no actor here)
 He lov'd his friends with such a warmth of heart,
 So clear of int'rest, so devoid of art, 10
 Such gen'rous friendship, such unshaken zeal,
 No words can speak it, but our tears may tell.—
 O candid truth! O faith without a stain!
 O manners gently firm and nobly plain!
 O sympathizing love of others bliss! 15
 Where will you find another breast like his?

Such was the man—the Poet well you know,
 Oft has he touch'd your hearts with tender woe,
 Oft in this crowded house with just applause
 You heard him teach fair virtue's purest laws ; 20
 For his chaste Muse employ'd her heav'n-taught lyre
 None but the noblest passions to inspire ;
 Not one immoral one corrupted thought,
 One line which dying he could wish to blot.

Oh ! may to night your favourable doom 25
 Another laurel add to grace his tomb,
 Whilst he superior now to praise or blame,
 Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
 Yet if to those whom most on earth he lov'd,
 From whom his pious care is now remov'd, 30
 With whom his lib'ral hand and bounteous heart,
 Shar'd all his little fortune could impart,
 If to those friends your kind regard shall give,
 What they no longer can from his receive,
 That, that, ev'n now, above yon starry pole,
 May touch with pleasure his immortal soul. 36

EPILOGUE

TO LILLO'S ELMERICK.

YOU, who supreme o'er ev'ry work of wit,
 In judgment here, unaw'd, unbias'd, sit
 The Palatines and Guardians of the pit ;
 If to your minds this merely modern play
 No useful sense, no gen'rous warmth, convey ; 5
 If fustian here thro' each unnat'ral scene,
 In strain'd conceits sound high, and nothing mean ;
 If lofty dulness for your vengeance call,
 Like Elmerick judge, and let the guilty fall :
 But if simplicity, with force and fire, 10
 Unlabour'd thoughts and artless words, inspire ;
 If, like the action which these scenes relate,
 The whole appear irregularly great ;
 If master-strokes the nobler passions move,
 Then, like the king, acquit us, and approve. 15

EPISTLES.

TO THE REV. DR. AYSCOUGH,
AT OXFORD.

Written from Paris in the Year 1728.

SAY, dearest friend! how roll thy hours away,
What pleasing study cheats the tedious day?
Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore
Of wise antiquity's immortal lore,
Where virtue by the charms of wit refin'd 5
At once exalts and polishes the mind?
How diff'rent from our modern guilty art,
Which pleases only to corrupt the heart,
Whose curs'd refinements odious vice adorn,
And teach to honour what we ought to scorn! 10
Dost thou in sage historians scorn to see
How Roman greatness rose with liberty,
How the same hands that tyrants durst control,
Their empire stretch'd from Atlas to the pole,
Till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd, 15
The proud luxurious masters of mankind?
Dost thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,
Each grace, each virtue, freedom could inspire,
Yet in her troubled state see all the woes,
And all the crimes that giddy faction knows, 20
Till rent by parties, by corruption fold,
Or weakly careless, or too rashly bold,
She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,
The slave and tut'refs of protecting Rome?
Does calm philosophy her aid impart 25
To guide the passions and to mend the heart?
Taught by her precepts, hast thou learn'd the end
To which alone the wise their studies bend,
For which alone by Nature were design'd
The pow'rs of thought—to benefit mankind? 30
Not like a cloyster'd drone to read and doze,
In undeserving undeserv'd repose;
But Reason's influence to diffuse, to clear
Th' enlighten'd world of ev'ry gloomy fear,

Dispel the mists of error, and unbind 35
 Those pedant chains that clog the freeborn mind.
 Happy who thus his leisure can employ !
 He knows the purest hours of tranquil joy ;
 Nor vex'd with pangs that busier bosoms tear,
 Nor lost to social virtue's pleasing care, 40
 Safe in the port, yet lab'ring to sustain
 Those who still float on the tempestuous main.

So Locke the days of studious quiet spent,
 So Boyle in wisdom found divine content,
 So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom, 45
 The virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome,

Good Wor'ter* thus supports his drooping age,
 Far from court-flatt'ry, far from party rage ;
 He who in youth a tyrant's frown defy'd,
 Firm and intrepid on his country's side, 50
 Her boldest champion then and now her mildest guide !
 O gen'rous warmth ! O sanctity divine !
 To emulate his worth my friend ! be thine :
 Learn from his life the duties of the gown,
 Learn not to flatter nor insult the crown, 55
 Nor basely servile court the guilty great,
 Nor raise the church a rival to the state :
 To error mild, to vice alone severe,
 Seek not to spread the law of love by fear :
 The priest who plagues the world can never mend ; 60
 No foe to man was e'er to God a friend,
 Let reason and let virtue faith maintain,
 All force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.

Me other cares in other climes engage,
 Cares that become my birth and suit my age, 65
 In various knowledge to improve my youth,
 And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth,
 By foreign arts domestic faults to mend,
 Enlarge my notions and my views extend,
 The useful science of the world to know, 70
 Which books can never teach, or pedants show.

A nation here I pity and admire,
 Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,

* Ep. Hough.

Yet taught by custom's force and bigot fear
 To serve with pride and boast the yoke they bear, 75
 Whose nobles born to cringe and to command,
 In courts a mean, in camps a gen'rous band,
 From each low tool of pow'r content receive
 Those laws their dreaded arms to Europe give;
 Whose people (vain in want, in bondage blest, 80
 Though plunder'd gay, industrious though oppress'd)
 With happy follies rise above their fate,
 The jest and envy of each wiser state.

Yet here the Muses deign'd a while to sport
 In the short sunshine of a fav'ring court: 85
 Here Boileau, strong in sense and sharp in wit,
 Who from the ancients like the ancients writ,
 Permission gain'd inferior vice to blame,
 By flatt'ring incense to his master's fame;
 Here Moliere, first of comic wits excell'd 90
 Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld,
 By keen yet decent satire skill'd to please,
 With morals mirth uniting, strength with ease:
 Now charm'd I hear the bold Corneille inspire
 Heroic thoughts with Shakespear's force and fire; 95
 Now sweet Racine with milder influence move
 The soften'd heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleasure I survey
 The pompous works of arbitrary sway,
 Proud palaces that drain'd the subjects' store 100
 Rais'd on the ruins of th' oppress'd and poor,
 Where e'en mute walls are taught to flatter state,
 And painted triumphs style Ambition great*.
 With more delight those pleasing shades I view
 Where Conde from an envious court withdrew†, 105
 Where sick of glory, faction, power, and pride,
 (Sure judge how empty all who all had try'd!)
 Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
 And life's great scene in quiet virtue clos'd.

With shame that other fam'd retreat I see, 110
 Adorn'd by art, disgrac'd by luxury‡,

* The victories of Louis XIV. painted in the galleries of Versailles.
 † Chantilly. ‡ St. Cloud.

Where Orleans wasted ev'ry vacant hour
 In the wild riot of unbounded power,
 Where feverish debauch and impious love
 Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove. 115

With these amusements is thy friend detain'd,
 Pleas'd and instructed in a foreign land;
 Yet oft a tender wish recalls my mind
 From present joys to dearer left behind.
 O native Isle! fair Freedom's happiest seat! 120
 At thought of thee my bounding pulses beat;
 At thought of thee my heart impatient burns,
 And all my country on my soul returns;
 When shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous grain
 No power can ravish from th' industrious swain? 125
 When kiss with pious love the sacred earth
 That gave a Burleigh or a Russel birth?
 When in the shade of laws that long have stood
 Propt by their care, or strengthen'd by their blood,
 Of fearless independence wisely vain, 130
 The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain?

Yet oh! what doubt, what sad presaging voice
 Whispers within, and bids me not rejoice,
 Bids me contemplate ev'ry state around,
 From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound; 135
 Bids their lost rights their ruin'd glories see,
 And tells me these like England once were free! 137

TO MR. POYNTZ,

AMBASSADOR AT THE CONGRESS OF SOISSONS, 1728.

Written at Paris.

O THOU! whose friendship is my joy and pride,
 Whose virtues warm me, and whose precepts guide;
 Thou! to whom greatness rightly understood
 Is but a larger power of being good;
 Say, Poyntz! amidst the toil of anxious state 5
 Does not thy secret soul desire retreat?
 Dost thou not wish (the task of glory done)
 Thy busy life at length might be thy own,
 That, to thy lov'd philosophy resign'd,
 No care might ruffle thy unbended mind? 10

Just is the wish, for sure the happiest meed
To favour man by smiling Heaven decreed
Is to reflect at ease on glorious pains,
And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.

Not him I praise who from the world retir'd, 15
By no enliv'ning, gen'rous passion fir'd,
On flow'ry couches slumbers life away,
And gently bids his active powers decay,
Who fears bright Glory's awful face to see,
And shuns renown as much as infamy ; 20
But bless'd is he who exercis'd in cares,
To private leisure public virtue bears,
Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
And decks repose with trophies labour won.
Him Honour follows to the secret shade, 25
And crowns propitious his declining head ;
In his retreat their harps the Muses string,
For him in lays unbought spontaneous sing ;
Friendship and Truth on all his moments wait,
Pleas'd with retirement better than with state ; 30
And round the bow'r where humbly great he lies
Fair olives bloom or verdant laurels rise.

So when thy country shall no more demand
The needful aid of thy sustaining hand,
When Peace restor'd shall on her downy wing 35
Secure repose and careless leisure bring,
Then to the shades of learned ease retir'd,
The world forgetting, by the world admir'd,
Among thy books and friends thou shalt possess
Contemplative and quiet happiness, 40
Pleas'd to review a life in honour spent,
And painful merit paid with sweet content.
Yet though thy hours unclogg'd with sorrow roll,
Tho' Wisdom call and Science feed thy soul,
One dearer bliss remains to be possess'd, 45
That only can improve and crown the rest.

Permit thy friend this secret to reveal,
Which thy own heart perhaps would better tell :
The point to which our sweetest passions move
Is to be truly lov'd and fondly love. 50

LYTTLETON'S POEMS.

This is the charm that smooths the troubled breast,
 Friend of our health and author of our rest,
 Bids every gloomy vexing passion fly,
 And tunes each jarring string to harmony.
 E'en while I write the name of love inspires 55
 More pleasing thoughts and more enliv'ning fires,
 Beneath his power my raptured fancy glows,
 And ev'ry tender verse more sweetly flows.
 Dull is the privilege of living free ;
 Our hearts were never form'd for liberty : 60
 Some beauteous image well imprinted there
 Can best defend them from consuming care.
 In vain to groves and gardens we retire,
 And Nature in her rural works admire ;
 Tho' grateful these, yet these but faintly charm ; 65
 They may delight us, but can never warm.
 May some fair eyes, my friend, thy bosom fire
 With pleasing pangs of ever gay desire,
 And teach thee that soft science which alone
 Still to thy searching mind rests slightly known. 70
 Thy soul, though great, is tender and refin'd,
 To friendship sensible, to love inclin'd,
 And therefore long thou canst not arm thy breast
 Against the entrance of so sweet a guest.
 Hear what th' inspiring Muses bid me tell, 75
 For heaven shall ratify what they reveal :

“ A chosen bride shall in thy arms be plac'd,
 “ With all th' attractive charms of beauty grac'd,
 “ Whose wit and virtue shall thine own express,
 “ Distinguish'd only by their softer dress : 80
 “ Thy greatness she or thy retreat shall share,
 “ Sweeten tranquillity, or soften care ;
 “ Her smiles the taste of ev'ry joy shall raise,
 “ And add new pleasure to renown and praise ? 84
 “ Till charm'd you own the truth my verse would
 “ That happiness is near ally'd to love.” [prove,

VERSES

TO BE WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF MR. POYNTZ.

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz ! but who shall find
 A hand or colours to express thy mind ?

A mind unmov'd by ev'ry vulgar fear,
 In a false world that dares to be sincere ;
 Wise without art, without ambition great,
 Tho' firm yet pliant, active tho' sedate.
 With all the richest stores of learning fraught,
 Yet better still by native prudence taught :
 That, fond the griefs of the distress'd to heal,
 Can pity frailties it could never feel :
 That when Misfortune su'd, ne'er sought to know
 What sect, what party, whether friend or foe ;
 That fix'd on equal virtue's temp'rate laws,
 Despises calumny, and shuns applause ;
 That to its own perfections singly blind,
 Would for another think this praise design'd.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. POPE.

FROM ROME, 1730.

IMMORTAL bard ! for whom each Muse has wove
 The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove,
 Preserv'd our drooping genius to restore,
 When Addison and Congreve are no more ;
 After so many stars extinct in night,
 The darken'd age's last remaining light !
 To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
 Inspir'd by memory of ancient wit :
 For now no more these climes their influence boast,
 Fall'n's their glory and their virtue lost ;
 From tyrants and from priests the Muses fly,
 Daughters of Reason and of Liberty.
 Nor Baiae now nor Umbria's plains they love,
 Nor on the banks of Nar or Mincio rove ;
 To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire,
 And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
 So in the shades where cheer'd with summer rays
 Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
 Soon as the faded falling leaves complain
 Of gloomy Winter's un auspicious reign,
 No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
 But mournful silence saddens all the grove.

Unhappy Italy ! whose alter'd state
 Has felt the worst severity of fate.
 Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke,
 And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke,
 Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
 Her cities desert and her fields unsown ;
 But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
 That sacred wisdom from her bounds is fled,
 That there the source of science flows no more,
 Whence its rich streams supply'd the world before.

Illustrious names that once in Latium shin'd,
 Born to instruct and to command mankind,
 Chiefs by whose virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
 And poets whom those chiefs sublimely prais'd !
 Oft I the traces you have left explore,
 Your ashes visit and your urns adore,
 Oft kiss with lips devout some mould'ring stone
 With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown,
 Those hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to see
 Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flowers I strew'd,
 While with th' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
 Crown'd with eternal bays my ravish'd eyes
 Beheld the poet's awful form arise.

“ Stranger,” he said, “ whose pious hand has paid
 “ These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
 “ When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
 “ To Pope this message from his master bear :
 “ Great Bard ! whose numbers I myself inspire,
 “ To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
 “ If high exalted on the throne of wit,
 “ Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
 “ No more let meaner satire dim the rays
 “ That flow majestic from thy nobler bays ;
 “ In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus stray,
 “ But shun that thorny that unpleasing way,
 “ Nor when each soft engaging muse is thine,
 “ Address the least attractive of the nine.
 “ Of thee more worthy were the task to raise
 “ A lasting column to thy country's praise,

“ To sing the land which yet alone can boast
 “ That liberty corrupted Rome has lost,
 “ Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid, 65
 “ And plants her palm beside the olive’s shade.
 “ Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
 “ Such was the people whose exploits I sung,
 “ Brave, yet refin’d ; for arms and arts renown’d ;
 “ With diff’rent bays by Mars and Venus crown’d ;
 “ Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway, 71
 “ But pleas’d a mild Augustus to obey.
 “ If these commands submissive thou receive,
 “ Immortal and unblam’d thy name shall live,
 “ Envy to black Cocytus shall retire, 75
 “ And howl with furies in tormenting fire,
 “ Approving Time shall consecrate thy lays,
 “ And join the patriot’s to the poet’s praise.” 78

TO LORD HARVEY,

IN THE YEAR 1730. FROM WORCESTERSHIRE.

“ Strenua nos exercet inertia : navibus atque
 “ Quadrigis petimus bene vivere : quod petis, hic est ;
 “ Est ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.”

HOR.

FAV’RITE of Venus and the tuneful Nine,
 Pollio ! by Nature form’d in courts to shine,
 Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend
 To thy long absent and forgotten friend,
 Who after seas and mountains wander’d o’er, 5
 Return’d at length to his own native shore,
 From all that’s gay retir’d, and all that’s great,
 Beneath the shades of his paternal seat
 Has found that happiness he sought in vain
 On the fam’d banks of Tiber and of Seine? 10
 ’Tis not to view the well-proportion’d pile,
 The charms of Titian’s and of Raphaël’s style,
 At soft Italian sounds to melt away,
 Or in the fragrant groves of myrtle stray,
 That lulls the tumults of the soul to rest, 15
 Or makes the fond possessor truly blest :
 In our own breasts the source of pleasure lies
 Still open and still flowing to the wise,

Not forc'd by toilsome art and wild desire
 Beyond the bounds of Nature to aspire, 20
 But in its proper channels gilding fair
 A common benefit which all may share :
 Yet half mankind this easy good disdain,
 Nor relish happiness unbought by pain ; [is vain :
 False is their state of bliss, and thence their search
 So idle yet so restless are our minds, 26
 We climb the Alps and brave the raging winds ;
 Thro' various toils to seek content we roam,
 Which with but thinking right were ours at home :
 For not the ceaseless change of shifted place 30
 Can from the heart a settled grief erase,
 Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
 Heal the distemper'd mind of aching care.
 The wretch by wild impatience driv'n to rove,
 Vext with the pangs of ill-requited love. 35
 From pole to pole the fatal arrow bears,
 Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears,
 With equal pain each diff'rent clime he tries,
 And is himself that torment which he flies.

For how should ills, which from our passions flow
 Be chang'd by Afric's heat, or Russia's snow ? 41
 Or how can aught but pow'rful reason cure
 What from unthinking folly we endure ?
 Happy is he and he alone who knows
 His heart's uneasy discord to compose, 45
 In gen'rous love of other's good to find
 The sweetest pleasures of the social mind,
 To bound his wishes in their proper sphere,
 To nourish pleasing hope and conquer anxious fear :
 This was the wisdom ancient sages taught, 50
 This was the sov'reign good they justly sought,
 This to no place or climate is confin'd,
 But the free native produce of the mind.

Nor think, my Lord, that courts to you deny
 The useful practice of philosophy : 5
 Horace, the wisest of the tuneful choir,
 Not always chose from greatness to retire,
 But in the palace of Augustus knew

The same unerring maxims to pursue
Which in the Sabine or the Velian shades
His study and his happiness he made. 60

May you, my Friend! by his example taught,
View all the giddy scene with sober thought,
Undazzled ev'ry glitt'ring folly see,
And in the midst of slavish forms be free; 65
In its own centre keep your steady mind,
Let prudence guide you, but let honour bind:
In show, in manners, act the courtier's part,
But be a country gentleman at heart. 69

TO MR. GLOVER,

ON HIS POEM OF LEONIDAS.

Written in the Year 1734.

GO on my Friend! the noble task pursue,
And think thy genius is thy country's due:
To vulgar wits inferior themes belong,
But Liberty and Virtue claim thy song.
Yet cease to hope, tho' grac'd with ev'ry charm, 5
The patriot verse will cold Britannia warm;
Vainly thou striv'st our languid hearts to raise
By great examples drawn from better days:
No longer we to Sparta's fame aspire,
What Sparta scorn'd instructed to admire, 10
Nurs'd in the love of wealth, and form'd to bend
Our narrow thoughts to that inglorious end.
No gen'rous purpose can enlarge the mind,
No social care, no labour for mankind,
Where mean self-int'rest ev'ry passion guides, 15
In camps commands, in cabinets presides,
Where Luxury consumes the guilty store,
And bids the villain be a slave for more.

Hence, wretched Nation! all thy woes arise,
Avow'd corruption, licens'd perjuries, 20
Eternal taxes, treaties for a day,
Servants that rule, and Senates that obey.

O People, far unlike the Grecian race,
That deems a virtuous poverty disgrace,
That suffers public wrongs and public shame, 25
In council insolent, in action tame!

Say, what is now th' ambition of the great?
 Is it to raise their country's sinking state,
 Her load of debt to ease by frugal care,
 Her trade to guard, her harrafs'd poor to spare? 30
 Is it like honest Somers to inspire
 The love of laws and freedom's sacred fire?
 Is it like wise Godolphin to sustain
 The balanc'd world, and boundless pow'r restrain?
 Or is the mighty aim of all their toil 35
 Only to aid the wreck and share the spoil?
 On each relation, friend, dependent, pour
 With partial wantonness the golden show'r,
 And, fenc'd by strong corruption, to despise
 An injur'd nation's unavailing cries? 40
 Rouse, Britons! rouse: if sense of shame be weak,
 Let the loud voice of threat'ning danger speak.
 Lo! France, as Persia once, o'er ev'ry land
 Prepares to stretch her all-oppressing hand.
 Shall England sit regardless and sedate, 45
 A clam spectatress of the gen'ral fate,
 Or call forth all her virtue, and oppose
 Like valiant Greece her own and Europe's foes?
 O let us seize the moment in our pow'r;
 Our follies now have reach'd the fatal hour: 50
 No later term the angry gods ordain;
 This crisis lost, we shall be wise in vain.

And thou, great Poet! in whose nervous lines
 The native majesty of Freedom shines,
 Accept this friendly praise, and let me prove 55
 My heart not wholly void of public love;
 Tho' not like thee I strike the sounding string
 To notes which Sparta might have deign'd to sing,
 But idly sporting in the secret shade
 With tender trifles sooth some artless maid. 60

TO MR. WEST, AT WICKHAM*.

Written in the Year 1740.

FAIR Nature's sweet simplicity,
 With elegance refin'd

* See the Inscription in Mr. West's Poems.

Well in thy seat, my Friend ! I see,
But better in thy mind.

4

II.

To both from courts and all their state
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a courtier's fate,
Tranquillity and love.

8

TO WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.

ON HIS LOSING HIS COMMISSION

In the Year 1736.

LONG had thy virtues mark'd thee out for fame,
Far far superior to a Cornet's name :
The gen'rous Walpole saw and griev'd to find
So mean a post disgrace that noble mind :
The servile standard from thy free-born hand
He took, and bade thee lead the patriot band.

6

TO COLONEL DRUMGOLD.

DRUMGOLD ! whose ancestors from Albion's shore
Their conq'ring standards to Hibernia bore,
Tho' now thy valour, to thy country lost,
Shines in the foremost ranks of Gallia's host,
Think not that France shall borrow all thy fame— 5
From British fires deriv'd thy genius came ;
Its force, its energy, to these it ow'd,
But the fair polish Gallia's clime bestow'd ;
The Graces there each ruder thought refin'd,
And liveliest wit with soundest sense combin'd ; 10
They taught in sportive Fancy's gay attire
To dress the gravest of th' Aonian choir
And gave to sober Wisdom's wrinkled cheek
The smile that dwells in Hebe's dimple fleck.
Pay to each realm the debt that each may ask : 15
Be thine and thine alone the pleasing task
In purest elegance of Gallic phrase
To clothe the spirit of the British lays.
Thus ev'ry flower which ev'ry Muse's hand
Has rais'd profuse in Britain's fav'rite land 20

By thee transplanted to the banks of Seine,
 Its sweetest native odours shall retain;
 And when thy noble friend, with olive crown'd,
 In concord's golden chain has firmly bound
 The rival nations, thou for both shalt raise 25
 The grateful song to his immortal praise.
 Albion shall think she hears her Prior sing,
 And France that Boileau strikes the tuneful string:
 Then shalt thou tell what various talents join'd
 Adorn, embellish, and exalt his mind; 30
 Learning and wit with sweet politeness grac'd,
 Wisdom by guile or cunning undebas'd,
 By pride unfully'd, genuine dignity,
 A noble and sublime simplicity.
 Such in thy verse shall Nivernois be shown; 35
 France shall with joy the fair resemblance own,
 And Albion sighing bid her songs aspire
 To imitate the merit they admire. 38

TO A YOUNG LADY.

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF VENICE PRESERVED.

IN tender Otway's moving scenes we find
 What power the gods have to your sex assign'd;
 Venice was lost if on the brink of fate
 A woman had not propt her sinking state:
 In the dark danger of that dreadful hour 5
 Vain was her senate's wisdom, vain its power;
 But sav'd by Belvidera's charming tears,
 Still o'er the subject main her tow'r she rears,
 And stands a great example to mankind
 With what a boundless sway you rule the mind, 10
 Skilful the worst or noblest ends to serve,
 And strong alike to ruin or preserve.

In wretched Jaffier we with pity view
 A mind to honour false, to virtue true,
 In the wild storm of struggling passions tost, 15
 Yet saving innocence, though fame was lost,
 Greatly forgetting what he ow'd his friend,
 His country which had wrong'd him to defend.

But she who urg'd him to that pious deed,
 Who knew so well the patriot's cause to plead, 20
 Whose conq'ring love her country's safety won,
 Was by that fatal love herself undone. [hide,

* "Hence may we learn what passion fain would
 "That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be try'd.
 "Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown 25
 "If angry Fortune on their union frown;
 "Soon will the flatt'ring dreams of joy be o'er,
 "And cloy'd imagination cheat no more:
 "Then waking to the sense of lasting pain,
 "With mutual tears the bridal couch they stain, 30
 "And that fond love which should afford relief
 "Does but augment the anguish of their grief,
 "While both could easier their own sorrows bear
 "Than the sad knowledge of each other's care."

May all the joys in Love and Fortune's pow'r 35
 Kindly combine to grace your nuptial hour!
 On each glad day may plenty show'r delight,
 And warmest rapture bless each welcome night!
 May Heav'n, that gave you Belvidera's charms,
 Destine some happier Jaffier to your arms, 40
 Whose bliss misfortune never may allay,
 Whose fondness never may thro' care decay,
 Whose wealth may place you in the fairest light,
 And force each modest beauty into sight!
 So shall no anxious want your peace destroy, 45
 No tempest crush the tender buds of joy,
 But all your hours in one gay circle move,
 Nor reason ever disagree with love! 48

TO MISS LUCY FORTESCUE.

ONCE by the Muse alone inspir'd
 I sung my amorous strains;
 No serious love my bosom fir'd,
 Yet every tender maid deceiv'd,
 The idly-mournful tale believ'd

* The twelve following lines, with some small variations, have been already printed in *Advice to a Lady*, p. 31; but as Lord Lyttleton chose to introduce them here, it was thought more eligible to repeat these few lines than to suppress the rest of the poem.

And wept my fancy'd pains.
 But Venus now to punish me
 For having feign'd so well,
 Has made my heart so fond of thee
 That not the whole Aonian choir
 Can accents soft enough inspire
 Its real flame to tell.

6

12

TO THE SAME.

WITH HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

ALL that of love can be express'd
 In these soft numbers see,
 But, Lucy! would you know the rest
 It must be read in me.

4

TO THE SAME.

TO him who in an hour must die
 Not swifter seems that hour to fly
 Than slow the minutes seem to me
 Which keep me from the sight of thee.

4

II.

Not more that trembling wretch would give
 Another day or year to live
 Than I to shorten what remains
 Of that long hour which thee detains.

8

III.

Oh! come to my impatient arms,
 Oh! come with all thy heav'nly charms,
 At once to justify and pay
 The pain I feel from this delay.

12

TO THE SAME

TO ease my troubled mind of anxious care
 Last night the secret casket I explor'd
 Where all the letters of my absent fair
 (His richest treasure) careful love had stor'd.

4

II.

In ev'ry word a magic spell I found
 Of pow'r to charm each busy thought to rest,

Tho' ev'ry word increas'd the tender wound
Of fond desire still throbbing in my breast.

8

III.

So to his hoarded gold the miser steals,
And loses ev'ry sorrow at the sight,
Yet wishes still for more, nor ever feels
Entire contentment or secure delight.

12

IV.

Ah! should I lose thee my too lovely maid!
Couldst thou forget thy heart was ever mine,
Fear not thy letters should the change upbraid;
My hand each dear memorial shall resign.

16

V.

Not one kind word shall in my pow'r remain
A painful witness of reproach to thee;
And lest my heart should still their sense retain,
My heart shall break to leave thee wholly free.

20

A PRAYER TO VENUS.

IN HER TEMPLE AT STOWE.

To the Same.

FAIR Venus! whose delightful shrine surveys
Its front reflected in the silver lake,
These humble off'rings which thy servant pays,
Fresh flow'rs, and myrtle wreaths, propitious take.

4

II.

If less my love exceeds all other love
Then Lucy's charms all other charms excel,
Far from my breast each soothing hope remove,
And there let sad despair for ever dwell.

8

III.

But if my soul is fill'd with her alone,
No other wish nor other object knows,
Oh, make her goddess! make her all my own,
And give my trembling heart secure repose!

12

IV.

No watchful spies I ask to guard her charms,
No walls of brass, no steel-defended door;

Place her but once within my circling arms,
Love's surest fort, and I will doubt no more.

16

TO THE SAME.

ON HER PLEADING WANT OF TIME.

ON Thames's bank a gentle youth
For Lucy sigh'd with matchless truth,
Ev'n when he sigh'd in rhyme;
The lovely maid his flame return'd,
And would with equal warmth have burn'd,
But that she had not time.

5

II.

Oft he repair'd with eager feet
In secret shades his fair to meet,
Beneath th' accusom'd lime;
She would have fondly met him there,
And heal'd with love each tender care,
But that she had not time.

10

III.

"It was not thus, inconstant maid!
"You acted once," the shepherd said,
"When love was in its prime."
She griev'd to hear him thus complain,
And would have writ to ease his pain,
But that she had not time.

15

IV.

How can you act so cold a part?
No crime of mine has chang'd your heart,
If love be not a crime.—
We soon must part for months, for years.—
She would have answer'd with her tears,
But that she had not time.

20

24

TO THE SAME.

YOUR shape, your lips, your eyes, are still the same,
Still the bright object of my constant flame;
But where is now the tender glance that stole
With gentle sweetness my enchanted soul,

Kind fears, impatient wishes, soft desires,
 Each melting charm that love alone inspires?
 These, these are lost; and I behold no more
 The maid my heart delighted to adore.
 Yet still unchang'd, still doting to excess,
 I ought, but dare not try, to love you less; 10
 Weakly I grieve, unpity'd I complain,
 But not unpunish'd shall your change remain;
 For you, cold Maid! whom no complaints can move,
 Were far more blest when you like me could love. 14

TO THE SAME.

WHEN I think on your truth I doubt you no more'
 I blame all the fears I gave way to before;
 I say to my heart "Be at rest, and believe [leave."
 "That whom once she has chosen she never will

II.

But, ah! when I think on each ravishing grace 5
 That plays in the smiles of that heav'nly face,
 My heart beats again; I again apprehend
 Some fortunate rival in ev'ry friend. 8

III.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove,
 Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my love,
 But doubts caus'd by passion you never can blame,
 For they are not ill founded, or you feel the same. 12

TO THE SAME.

WITH A NEW WATCH.

WITH me while present may thy lovely eyes
 Be never turn'd upon this golden toy,
 Think ev'ry pleasing hour too swiftly flies,
 And measure time by joy succeeding joy! 4

II.

But when the cares that interrupt our bliss
 To me not always will thy sight allow,
 Then oft with kind impatience look on this,
 Then ev'ry minute count--as I do now. 8

SONGS.

SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXXXII.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach but dare not move:
Tell me, my heart! if this be love?

4

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear,
No other wit but her's approve:
Tell me, my heart! if this be love?

8

If she some other youth commend,
Tho' I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove:
Tell me, my heart! if this be love?

12

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring or shadiest grove:
Tell me, my heart! if this be love?

16

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for ev'ry swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove:
Tell me, my heart! if this be love?

20

SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXXXIII.

THE heavy hours are almost past
That part my love and me;
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see.

4

But how, my Delia! will you meet
The man you've lost so long?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

8

Will you in ev'ry look declare
Your heart is still the same,

And heal each idly anxious care
Our fears in absence frame?

12

Thus, Delia! thus I paint the scene
When shortly we shall meet,
And try what yet remains between
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

16

But if the dream that sooths my mind
Shall false and groundless prove,
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love;

20

All I of Venus ask is this,
No more to let us join,
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss
To die and think you mine.

24

SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXXXII.

SAY, Myra! why is gentle Love
A stranger to that mind
Which pity and esteem can move,
Which can be just and kind?

4

Is it because you fear to share
The ills that love molest,
The jealous doubt the tender care
That rack the am'rous breast?

8

Alas! by some degree of woe
We ev'ry bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know
That never feels a pain.

12



EPITAPHS.

PART OF AN EPITAPH

ON LADY LYTTLETON.

MADE to engage all hearts and charm all eyes,
Tho' meek, magnanimous ; tho' witty, wise ;
Polite as all her life in courts had been,
Yet good as she the world had never seen ;
The noble fire of an exalted mind
With gentle female tenderness combin'd. 6
Her speech was the melodious voice of Love,
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove,
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong ;
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd ;
Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress'd. 12

EPITAPH

ON CAPTAIN GRENVILLE.

YE weeping Muses, Graces, Virtues ! tell
If, since your all-accomplish'd Sidney fell,
You or afflicted Britain e'er deplor'd
A loss like that these plaintive lays record !
Such spotless honour, such ingenuous truth, 5
Such ripen'd wisdom in the bloom of youth !
So mild, so gentle, so compos'd a mind,
To such heroic warmth and courage join'd !
He too, like Sidney, nurs'd in Learning's arms,
For nobler war forsook her softer charms ; 10
Like him, possess'd of ev'ry pleasing art,
The secret wish of ev'ry female's heart ;
Like him cut off in youthful glory's pride,
He unrepining for his country dy'd. 14

EPITAPH ON CAPT. CORNWALL,

SLAIN OFF TOULON, MDCCXLIII.

THO' Britain's genius hung her drooping head,
And mourn'd her ancient naval glory fled,
On that fam'd day when France combin'd with Spain
Strove for the wide dominion of the main,

Yet, Cornwall! all with gen'ral voice agree
 To pay the tribute of applause to thee,
 When his bold chief in thickest fight engag'd
 Unequal war with Spain's proud leader wag'd,
 With indignation mov'd he timely came
 To rescue from reproach his country's name;
 Success too dearly did his valour crown,
 He sav'd his leader's life, but lost his own.

10

12



G

IMITATIONS, &c.

DAMON AND DELIA.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE AND LYDIA.

Written in the Year 1732.

DAMON.

TELL me, my Delia ! tell me why
My kindest, fondest looks you fly ?
What means this cloud upon your brow ?
Have I offended ? tell me how.
Some change has happen'd in your heart,
Some rival there has stol'n a part ;
Reason these fears may disapprove,
But yet I fear because I love.

5

DELIA. First tell me, Damon, why to-day
At Belvidera's feet you lay ?
Why with such warmth her charms you prais'd,
And ev'ry trifling beauty rais'd,
As if you meant to let me see
Your flatt'ry is not all for me ?
Alas ! too well your sex I knew,
Nor was so weak to think you true.

10

15

DAMON. Unkind ! my falsehood to upbraid
When your own orders I obey'd ;
You bid me try, by this deceit,
The notice of the world to cheat,
And hide beneath another name
The secret of our mutual flame.

20

DELIA. Damon, your prudence I confess,
But let me wish it had been less ;
Too well the lover's part you play'd,
With too much art your court you made ;
Had it been only art, your eyes
Would not have join'd in the disguise.

25

DAMON. Ah ! cease thus idly to molest
With groundless fears thy virgin breast.
While thus at fancy'd wrongs you grieve,
To me a real pain you give.

30

DELIA. Though well I might your truth distrust,
My foolish heart believes you just ;
Reason this faith may disapprove,
But I believe because I love.

36

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IV.

WRITTEN AT OXFORD, MDCCXXV*.

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.

AS the wing'd minister of thund'ring Jove,
To whom he gave his dreadful bolts to bear,
Faithful † assistant of his master's love,
King of the wand'ring nations of the air.

4

II.

When balmy breezes fann'd the vernal sky,
On doubtful pinions left his parent nest,
In flight essays his growing force to try,
While inborn courage fir'd his gen'rous breast ;

8

III.

Then darting with impetuous fury down,
The flocks he slaughter'd, an unpractis'd foe,
Now his ripe valour to perfection grown,
The scaly snake and crested dragon know ;

12

IV.

Or as a lion's youthful progeny,
Wean'd from his savage dam and milky food,
The grazing kid beholds with fearful eye,
Doom'd first to stain his tender fangs in blood ;

16

V.

Such Drusus, young in arms, his foes beheld,
The Alpine Rhæti, long unmatched in fight,
So were their hearts with abject terror quell'd,
So sunk their haughty spirit at the sight.

20

VI.

Tam'd by a boy the fierce Barbarians find
How guardian prudence guides the youthful flame,
And how great Cæsar's fond paternal mind
Each gen'rous Nero forms to early fame.

24

* First printed in Mr. West's translation of Pindar. See the Preface to that gentleman's poems.

† In the rape of Ganymede, who was carried up to Jupiter by an eagle according to the poetical history.

VII.

A valiant son springs from a valiant fire ;
 Their race by mettle sprightly couriers prove ;
 Nor can the warlike eagles active fire
 Degenerate to form the tim'rous dove.

28

VIII.

But education can the genius raise,
 And wise instructions native virtue aid ;
 Nobility without them is disgrace,
 And Honour is by vice to shame betray'd.

32

IX.

Let red Metaurus stain'd with punic blood,
 Let mighty Asdrubal subdu'd, confess
 How much of empire and of fame is ow'd
 By thee, O Rome ! to the Neronian race.

36

X.

Of this be witness that auspicious day
 Which, after a long, black, tempestuous night,
 First smil'd on Latium with a milder ray,
 And cheer'd our drooping hearts with dawning light.

XI.

Since the dire African, with wasteful ire,
 Rode o'er the ravag'd towns of Italy,
 As thro' the pine-trees flies the raging fire,
 Or Eurys o'er the vext Sicilian sea.

41

44

XII.

From this bright era, from this prosp'rous field,
 The Roman glory dates her rising pow'r ; [wield,
 From hence 'twas giv'n her conqu'ring sword to
 Raise her fall'n gods and ruin'd shrines restore.

48

XIII.

Thus Hannibal at length despairing spoke :
 " Like stags to rav'nous wolves an easy prey
 " Our feeble arms a valiant foe provoke,
 " Whom to elude and 'scape were victory :

52

XIV.

" A dauntless nation, that from Trojan fires
 " Hostile Ausonia, to thy destin'd shore
 " Her gods, her infant sons, and aged fires,
 " Thro' angry seas and adverse tempests bore

59

XV.

“ As on high Algidus the sturdy oak,
 “ Whose spreading boughs the axe’s sharpness feel,
 “ Improves by loss, and, thriving with the stroke,
 “ Draws health and vigour from the wounding steel.

XVI.

“ Not Hydra sprouting from her mangled head 61
 “ So tir’d the baffled force of Hercules,
 “ Nor Thebes nor Colchis such a monster bred,
 “ Pregnant of ills, and fam’d for prodigies. 64

XVII.

“ Plunge her in ocean, like the morning sun,
 “ Brighter she rises from the depths below ;
 “ To earth with unavailing ruin thrown,
 “ Recruits her strength and foils the wond’ring foe. 68

XVIII.

“ No more of victory the joyful fame
 “ Shall from my camp to haughty Carthage fly ;
 “ Lost, lost, are all the glories of her name !
 “ With Asdrubal her hopes and fortune die ! 72

XIX.

“ What shall the Claudian valour not perform
 “ Which pow’r divine guards with propitious care,
 “ Which wisdom steers thro’ all the dang’rous storm,
 “ Thro’ all the rocks and shoals of doubtful war !” 76

PARTS OF AN ELEGY OF TIBULLUS.

TRANSLATED MDCCXXIX---XXX.

Divitias alius fulvo sibi congerat auro.

LET others heap of wealth a shining store,
 And, much possessing, labour still for more,
 Let them, disquieted with dire alarms,
 Aspire to win a dang’rous fame in arms ;
 Me tranquil poverty shall lull to rest, 5
 Humbly secure and indolently blest ;
 Warm’d by the blaze of my own cheerful hearth,
 I’ll waste the wintry hours in social mirth ;
 In summer pleas’d attend to harvest toils,
 In autumn press the vineyard’s purple spoils, 10

And oft to Delia in my bosom bear
 Some kid or lamb that wants its mother's care :
 With her I'll celebrate each gladsome day
 When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay ;
 With her new milk on Pales' altar pour, 15
 And deck with ripen'd fruits Pomona's bow'r.
 At night how soothing would it be to hear
 Safe in her arms, the tempest howling near,
 Or while the wintry clouds their deluge pour
 Slumber assist'd by the beating show'r ! 20
 Ah ! how much happier than the fool who braves,
 In search of wealth, the black tempestuous waves !
 While I, contended with my little store,
 In tedious voyage seek no distant shore,
 But idly lolling on some shady seat 25
 Near cooling fountains shun the dogstar's heat :
 For what reward so rich could fortune give
 That I by absence should my Delia grieve ?
 Let great Messalla shine in martial toils,
 And grace his palace with triumphal spoils ; 30
 Me beauty holds in strong tho' gentle chains,
 Far from tumultuous war and dusty plains.
 With thee, my love ! to pass my tranquil days
 How would I slight ambition's painful praise !
 How would I joy with thee, my love, to yoke 35
 The ox, and feed my solitary flock !
 On thy soft breast might I but lean my head,
 How downy should I think the woodland bed !
 The wretch who sleeps not by his fair-one's side,
 Detests the gilded couch's useless pride, 40
 Nor knows his weary weeping eyes to close,
 Tho' murm'ring rills invite him to repose.
 Hard were his heart who thee, my fair, could leave
 For all the honours prosp'rous war can give,
 Tho' thro' the vanquish'd east he spread his fame, 45
 And Parthian tyrants trembled at his name,
 Tho' bright in arms while hosts around him bleed
 With martial pride he prest his foaming steed.
 No pomps like these my humble vows require ;
 With thee I'll live, and in thy arms expire. 50

Thee may my closing eyes in death behold !
 Thee may my fault'ring hand yet strive to hold !
 Then Delia ! then thy heart will melt in woe,
 Then o'er my breathless clay thy tears will flow,
 Thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind, 55
 Nor dost thou think it weakness to be kind :
 But ah ! fair mourner ! I conjure thee spare
 Thy heaving breasts and loose dishevell'd hair ;
 Wound not thy form, least on th' Elysian coast
 Thy anguish should disturb my peaceful ghost. 60

But now nor death nor parting should employ
 Our sprightly thoughts or damp our bridal joy :
 We'll live, my Delia ! and from life remove
 All care, all bus'ness, but delightful love.
 Old age in vain those pleasures would retrieve 65
 Which youth alone can taste, alone can give :
 Then let us snatch the moment to be blest ;
 This hour is love's—be fortune's all the rest. 68

Sulpicia to Cerinthus,
 in her sickness.

FROM TIBULLUS.

Sent to a Friend in a Lady's Name.

SAY, my Cerinthus ! does thy tender breast
 Feel the same fev'rish heats that mine molest ?
 Alas ! I only wish for health again
 Because I think my lover shares my pain ;
 For what would health avail to wretched me
 If you could unconcern'd my illness see ? 6

Sulpicia to Cerinthus.

I'M weary of this tedious dull deceit ;
 Myself I torture while the world I cheat :
 Tho' prudence bids me strive to guard my fame,
 Love sees the low hypocrisy with shame ; 4
 Love bids me all confess, and call thee mine,
 Worthy my heart as I am worthy thine :
 Weakness for thee I will no longer hide ;
 Weakness for thee is woman's noblest pride. 8

CATO'S SPEECH TO LABIENUS.

IN THE NINTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

Quid quæri, Labiene jubes, &c.

WHAT, Labienus! would thy fond desire
 Of horned Jove's prophetic shrine inquire,
 Whether to seek in arms a glorious doom
 Or basely live and be a king in Rome?
 If life be nothing more than death's delay,
 If impious Force can honest minds dismay,
 Or Probity may Fortune's frown disdain,
 If well to mean is all that Virtue can,
 And right, dependant on itself alone,
 Gains no addition from success—'Tis known
 Fix'd in my heart these constant truths I hear,
 And Ammon cannot write them deeper there.
 Our souls, ally'd to God, within them feel
 The secret dictates of th' Almighty will:
 This is his voice, be this our oracle.
 When first his breath the seeds of life instill'd,
 All that we ought to know was then reveal'd.
 Nor can we think the Omnipresent Mind
 Has Truth to Lybia's desert sands confin'd,
 There known to few obscur'd and lost to lie—
 Is there a temple of the Deity,
 Except earth, sea, and air, yon azure pole,
 And chief his holiest shrine the virtuous soul?
 Where'er the eye can pierce the feet can move,
 This wide, this boundless universe, is Jove.
 Let abject minds, that doubt because they fear,
 With pious awe to juggling priests repair;
 I credit not what lying prophets tell—
 Death is the only certain oracle.
 Cowards and brave must die one destin'd hour—
 'This Jove has told, he needs not tell us more.

ODE, IN IMITATION OF PASTOR FIDO.

O primavera gioventu del anno.

WRITTEN ABROAD IN MDCCXXIX.

PARENT of blooming flow'rs and gay desires,
 Youth of the tender year, delightful Spring!
 At whose approach inspir'd with equal fires
 The am'rous nightingale and poet sing;

4

II.

Again, dost thou return, but not with thee
 Return the smiling hours I once possessest;
 Blessings thou bring'st to others, but to me
 The sad remembrance that I once was blest.

8

III.

Thy faded charms which Winter snatch'd away,
 Renew'd in all their former lustre, shine,
 But ah! no more shall hapless I be gay,
 Or know the vernal joys that have been mine.

12

IV.

Tho' linnets sing, tho' flow'rs adorn the green,
 Tho' on their wings soft Zephyrs fragrance bear,
 Harsh is the music, joyless is the scene,
 The odour faint, for Delia is not there.

16

V.

Cheerless and cold I feel the geneal sun,
 From thee while absent I in exile rove;
 Thy lovely presence, fairest light! alone
 Can warm my heart to gladness and to love.

20

FINIS.

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